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CHAMOUNI AND RYDAL.

I stood one shining morning where
The last pines stand on Montanvert,
Gazing on giant spires that grow
From the great frozen gulfs below.

How sheer they soared, how piercing rose
Above the mists, beyond the snows !
No thinnest veil of vapor hid
Each sharp and airy pyramid.

No breeze moaned there, nor cooing bird,
Deep down the torrent raved, unheard,
Only the cow-bells' clang, subdued,
Shook in the fields below the wood.

The vision vast, the lone large sky,
The kingly charm of mountains high,
The boundless silence, woke in me
Abstraction, reverence, reverie.

Days dawned that felt as wide away
As the far peaks of silvery gray,
Life's lost ideal, love's last pain,
In those full moments throbbed again.

And a much-differing scene was born
In my mind's eye on that blue morn ;
No splintered snowy summits there
Shot arrowy heights in crystal air :

But a calm sunset slanted still
O'er hoary crag and heath-flushed hill,
And at their foot, by birchen brake,
Dimpled and smiled an English lake.

I roamed where I had roamed before,
With heart elate in years of yore,
Through the green glens by Rotha side,
Which Arnold loved, where Wordsworth died.

That flower of heaven, eve's tender star,
Trembled with light above Nab Scar ;
And from his towering throne aloft
Fairfield poured purple shadows soft.

The tapers twinkled through the trees
From Rydal's bower-bound cottages,
And gentle was the river's flow,
Like love's own quivering whisper low.

One held my arm will walk no more
On Loughrigg steeps by Rydal shore,
And a sweet voice was speaking clear —
Earth had no other sound so dear.

Her words were, as we passed along,
Of noble sons of truth and song, —
Of Arnold brave, and Wordsworth pure,
And how their influences endure.

"They have not left us — are not dead,
(The earnest voice beside me said,)
For teacher strong and poet sage
Are deeply working in the age.

"For aught we know they now may brood
O'er this enchanted solitude,
With thought and feeling more intense
Than we in the blind life of sense.

"On us and others (who shall tell ?)
Maybe is falling here a spell
From Arnold's knightly spirit free,
And Wordsworth's grave serenity."

Hill-ward we stepped o'er turf and stone,
The clear voice-current warbling on,
I little answering, loth to stay
That stream of silver on its way.

Sometimes I checked her, with a smile,
For the quick heart to breathe a while ;
Sometimes she stopped to stoop and pull
Some ambushed blossom beautiful.

Those tones are hushed, that light is cold,
And we (but not the world) grow old ;
The joy, "the bloom of young desire,"
The zest, the force, the strenuous fire,

Enthusiasms bright, sublime,
That heaven-like made that early time ;
These all are gone : must faith go too ?
Is truth too lovely to be true ?

In nature dwells no kindling soul ?
Moves no vast life throughout the whole ?
Are not thought, knowledge, love's sweet
 might,
Shadows of substance infinite ?

Shall rippling river, bow of rain,
Blue mountains, and the bluer main,
Red dawn, gold sundown, pearly star,
Be fair, *nor something fairer far ?*

That awful hope, so deep, that swells
At the keen clash of Easter bells,
Is *it* a waning moon that dies
As morn-like lights of science rise ?

By all that yearns in art and song,
By the vague dreams that make men strong,
By memory's penance, by the glow
Of lifted mood poetic, — no !

No ! by the stately forms that stand
Like angels in yon snowy land :
No ! by the stars that, pure and pale,
Look down each night on Rydal vale.

Macmillan's Magazine.

J. TRUMAN.

DE PROFUNDIS.

BELOW the dark waves, where the dead go
 down,
Are gulfs of night more deep ;
But little care they whom the waves once
 drown,
How far from light they sleep.

But who, in deepest sorrow though he be,
Fears not a deeper still ? —
Ah, God ! that sorrow were as the salt sea,
Whose topmost waters kill.
Spectator.

F. W. B.

From The Fortnightly Review.

ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.*

It is the fashion for those who have any connection with letters, in the presence of thoughtful men and women, eager for knowledge, and anxious after all that can be gotten from books, to expatiate on the infinite blessings of literature, and the miraculous achievements of the press: to extol, as a gift above price, the taste for study and the love of reading. Far be it from me to gainsay the inestimable value of good books, or to discourage any man from reading the best; but I often think that we forget that other side to this glorious view of literature: the misuse of books, the debilitating waste of life in aimless, promiscuous, vapid reading, or even, it may be, in the poisonous inhalation of mere literary garbage and bad men's worst thoughts.

For what can a book be more than the man who wrote it? The brightest genius, perhaps, never puts the best of his own soul into his printed page; and some of the most famous men have certainly put the worst of theirs. Yet are all men desirable companions, much less teachers, fit to be listened to, able to give us advice, even of those who get reputation and command a hearing? Or, to put out of the question that writing which is positively bad, are we not, amidst the multiplicity of books and of writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid, by curiosity after something accidentally notorious, by what has no intelligible thing to recommend it, except that it is new? Now, to stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging, and spiritually sustaining. Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the

evanescent parts is really to know nothing worth knowing. It is in the end the same thing, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent voracity for idle and desultory "information," as it is called — a thing as fruitless as whistling. Of the two plans I prefer the former. At least, in that case, the mind is healthy and open. It is not gorged and enfeebled by excess in that which cannot nourish, much less enlarge and beautify our nature.

But there is much more than this. Even to those who resolutely avoid the idleness of reading what is trivial, a difficulty is presented, a difficulty every day increasing by virtue even of our abundance of books. What are the subjects, what are the class of books we are to read, in what order, with what connection, to what ultimate use or object? Even those who are resolved to read the better books are embarrassed by a field of choice practically boundless. The longest life, the greatest industry, the most powerful memory, would not suffice to make us profit from a hundredth part of the world of books before us. If the great Newton said that he seemed to have been all his life gathering a few shells on the shore, whilst a boundless ocean of truth still lay beyond and unknown to him, how much more to each of us must the sea of literature be a pathless immensity beyond our powers of vision or of reach — an immensity in which industry itself is useless without judgment, method, discipline; where it is of infinite importance what we can learn and remember, and of utterly no importance what we may have once looked at or heard of. Alas! the most of our reading leaves as little mark even in our own education as the foam that gathers round the keel of a passing boat! For myself, I am inclined to think the most useful part of reading is to know what we should not read, what we can keep out from that small cleared spot in the overgrown jungle of "information," the corner which we can call our ordered patch of fruit-bearing knowledge. Is not the accumulation of fresh books a fresh hindrance to our real knowledge of the old? Does not the multiplicity of volumes become a bar upon our use of any?

* A lecture given at the London Institution.

In literature especially does it hold — that we cannot see the wood for the trees.

A man of power, who has got more from books than most of his contemporaries, has lately said: "Form a habit of reading, do not mind what you read, the reading of better books will come when you have a habit of reading the inferior." I cannot agree with him. I think a habit of reading idly debilitates and corrupts the mind for all wholesome reading; I think the habit of reading wisely is one of the most difficult habits to acquire, needing strong resolution and infinite pains; and I hold the habit of reading for mere reading's sake, instead of for the sake of the stuff we gain from reading, to be one of the worst and commonest and most unwholesome habits we have. Why do we still suffer the traditional hypocrisy about the dignity of literature, literature I mean, in the gross, which includes about equal parts of what is useful and what is useless? Why are books as books, writers as writers, readers as readers, meritorious and honorable, apart from any good in them, or anything that we can get from them? Why do we pride ourselves on our powers of absorbing print, as our grandfathers did on their gifts in imbibing port, when we know that there is a mode of absorbing print which makes it impossible we can ever learn anything good out of books?

Our stately Milton said in a passage which is one of the watchwords of the English race, "as good almost kill a man as kill a good book." But has he not also said that he would "have a vigilant eye how bookes demeane themselves, as well as men; and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors"? . . . Yes! they do kill the good book who deliver up their few and precious hours of reading to the trivial book; they make it dead for them; they do what lies in them to destroy "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalm'd and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life;" they "spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up in bookes." For in the wilderness of books most men, certainly all busy men, *must* strictly choose. If they saturate their minds with the idler books, the "good book," which Milton calls "an immortality

rather than a life," is dead to them: it is a book sealed up and buried.

It is most right that in the great republic of letters there should be a freedom of intercourse and a spirit of equality. Every reader who holds a book in his hand, is free of the inmost minds of men past and present; their lives both within and without the pale of their uttered thoughts are unveiled to him; he needs no introduction to the greatest; he stands on no ceremony with them; he may, if he be so minded, scribble "doggerel" on his Shelley, or he may kick Lord Byron, if he please, into a corner. He hears Burke perorate, and Johnson dogmatize, and Scott tell his border tales, and Wordsworth muse on the hillside, without the leave of any man, or the payment of any toll. In the republic of letters there are no privileged orders or places reserved. Every man who has written a book, even the diligent Mr. Whitaker, is in one sense an author; "A book's a book although there's nothing in't;" and every man who can decipher a penny journal is in one sense a reader. And your "general reader," like the grave-digger in "Hamlet," is hail-fellow with all the mighty dead; he pats the skull of the jester; batters the cheek of lord, lady, or courtier; and uses "imperious Cæsar" to teach boys the Latin declensions.

But this noble equality of all writers — of all writers and of all readers — has a perilous side to it. It is apt to make us indiscriminate in the books we read, and somewhat contemptuous of the mighty men of the past. Men who are most observant as to the friends they make, or the conversation they join in, are carelessness itself as to the books to whom they entrust themselves, and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters? Do we in real life take any pleasant fellow to our homes and chat with some agreeable rascal by our firesides, we who will take up any pleasant fellow's printed memoirs, we who delight in the agreeable rascal when he is cut up into pages and bound in calf?

I have no intention to moralize, or to in

indulge in a homily against the reading of what is deliberately evil. There is not so much need for this now, and I am not discouraging on the whole duty of man. I take that part of our reading which is by itself no doubt harmless, entertaining, and even gently instructive. But of this enormous mass of literature how much deserves to be chosen out, to be preferred to all the great books of the world, to be set apart for those precious hours which are all that the most of us can give to solid reading? The vast proportion of books are books that we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. The really vital books for us we also know to be a very trifling portion of the whole. And yet we act as if every book were as good as any other, as if it were merely a question of order which we take up first, as if any book were good enough for us, and as if all were alike honorable, precious, and satisfying. Alas! books cannot be more than the men who write them; and as a large proportion of the human race now write books, with motives and objects as various as human activity, books, as books, are entitled *a priori*, until their value is proved, to the same attention and respect as houses, steam-engines, pictures, fiddles, bonnets, and other thoughtful or ornamental products of human industry. In the shelves of those libraries which are our pride, libraries public or private, circulating or very stationary, are to be found those great books of the world *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, those books which are truly "the precious life-blood of a master spirit." But the very familiarity which their mighty fame has bred in us makes us indifferent; we grow weary of what every one is supposed to have read; and we take down something which looks a little eccentric, or some author on the mere ground that we never heard of him before.

Thus the difficulties of literature are in their way as great as those of the world, the obstacles to finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a Babel of voices and an ever-changing mass of beings. Books are not wiser than men, the true books are not easier to find than the true men, the bad

books or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar everywhere; the art of right reading is as long and difficult to learn as the art of right living. Those who are on good terms with the first author they meet, run as much risk as men who surrender their time to the first passer in the street; for to be open to every book is for the most part to gain as little as possible from any. A man aimlessly wandering about in a crowded city is of all men the most lonely; so he who takes up only the books that he "comes across," is pretty certain to meet but few that are worth knowing.

Now this danger is one to which we are specially exposed in this age. Our high-pressure life of emergencies, our whirling industrial organization or disorganization, have brought us in this (as in most things) their peculiar difficulties and drawbacks. In almost everything vast opportunities and gigantic means of multiplying our products bring with them new perils and troubles which are often at first neglected. Our huge cities, where wealth is piled up and the requirements and appliances of life extended beyond the dreams of our forefathers, seem to breed in themselves new forms of squalor, disease, blights, or risks to life such as we are yet unable to cope with. So the enormous multiplicity of modern books is not altogether favorable to the knowing of the best. I listen with mixed satisfaction to the pæans that they chant over the works that issue from the press each day, how the books poured forth from Paternoster Row might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's. How in this mountain of literature am I to find the really useful book? How, when I have found it, and found its value, am I to get others to read it? How am I to keep my head clear in the torrent and din of works, all of which distract my attention, most of which promise me something, whilst so few fulfil that promise? The Nile is the source of the Egyptian's bread, and without it he perishes of hunger. But the Nile may be rather too liberal in his flood, and then the Egyptian runs imminent risk of drowning.

And thus there never was a time, at

least during the last two hundred years, when the difficulties in the way of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are to-day, when the obstacles were more real between readers and the right books to read, when it was practically so troublesome to find out that which it is of vital importance to know; and that not by the dearth, but by the plethora of printed matter. For it comes to nearly the same thing whether we are actually debarred by physical impossibility from getting the right book into our hand, or whether we are choked off from the right book by the obtrusive crowd of the wrong books; so that it needs a strong character and a resolute system of reading to keep the head cool in the storm of literature around us. We read nowadays in the market-place — I would rather say in some large steam factory of letter-press, where damp sheets of new print whirl round us perpetually — if it be not rather some noisy book-fair where literary showmen tempt us with performing dolls, and the gongs of rival booths are stunning our ears from morn till night. Contrast with this pandemonium of Leipsic and Paternoster Row the sublime picture of our Milton in his early retirement at Horton, when, musing over his coming flight to the epic heaven, practising his pinions, as he tells Diodati, he consumed five years of solitude in reading over the whole of the ancient writers: —

Et totum rapiunt, me, mea vita, libri.

Who now reads the whole of the ancient writers? Who systematically reads the great writers, be they ancient or modern, whom the consent of ages has marked out as classics: typical, immortal, peculiar teachers of our race? Alas! the "Paradise Lost" is lost again to us beneath an inundation of graceful academic verse, sugary stanzas of ladylike prettiness, and ceaseless explanations in more or less readable prose of what John Milton meant or did not mean, or what he saw or did not see, or why Adam or Satan is like that, or unlike the other. We read a perfect library about the "Paradise Lost," but the "Paradise Lost" itself we do not read.

I am not presumptuous enough to assert that the larger part of modern literature is not worth reading in itself, that the prose is not readable, entertaining, one may say highly instructive. Nor do I pretend that the verses which we read so zealously in place of Milton's are not good verses. On the contrary I think them sweetly conceived, as musical and as graceful as the verse of any age in our history. I say it

emphatically, a great deal of our modern literature is such that it is exceedingly difficult to resist it, and it is undeniable that it gives us real information. It seems perhaps unreasonable to many, to assert that a decent readable book which gives us actual instruction can be otherwise than a useful companion, and a solid gain. I dare say many people are ready to cry out upon me as an obscurantist for venturing to doubt a genial confidence in all literature simply as such. But the question which weighs upon me with such really crushing urgency is this: what are the books that in our little remnant of reading-time it is most vital for us to know? For the true use of books is of such sacred value to us that to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated, inspired by books; merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind. Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose; every bit of stray information which we cram into our heads without any sense of its importance, is for the most part a bit of the most useful information driven out of our heads and choked off from our minds. It is so certain that information, *i.e.* the knowledge, the stored thoughts and observations of mankind, is now grown to proportions so utterly incalculable and prodigious, that even the learned whose lives are given to study can but pick up some crumbs that fall from the table of truth. They delve and tend but a plot in that vast and teeming kingdom, whilst those, whom active life leaves with but a few cramped hours of study, can hardly come to know the very vastness of the field before them, or how infinitesimally small is the corner they can traverse at the best. We know all is not of equal value. We know that books differ in value as much as diamonds differ from the sand on the seashore, as much as our living friend differs from a dead rat. We know that much in the myriad-peopled world of books — very much in all kinds — is trivial, enervating, inane, even noxious. And thus, where we have infinite opportunities of wasting our efforts to no end, of fatiguing our minds without enriching them, of clogging the spirit without satisfying it, there, I cannot but think, the very infinity of opportunities is robbing us of the actual power of using them. And thus I come often, in my less hopeful moods, to watch the remorseless cataract of daily literature which thunders over the remnants of the past, as if it were a fresh impediment to

the men of our day in the way of systematic knowledge and consistent powers of thought: as if it were destined one day to overwhelm the great inheritance of mankind in prose and verse.

I remember, when I was a very young man at college, that a youth, in no spirit of paradox but out of plenary conviction, undertook to maintain before a body of serious students, the astounding proposition that the invention of printing had been one of the greatest misfortunes that had ever befallen mankind. He argued that exclusive reliance on printed matter had destroyed the higher method of oral teaching, the dissemination of thought by the spoken word to the attentive ear. He insisted that the formation of a vast literary class looking to the making of books as a means of making money, rather than as a social duty, had multiplied books for the sake of the writers rather than for the sake of the readers; that the reliance on books as a cheap and common resource had done much to weaken the powers of memory; that it destroyed the craving for a general culture of taste, and the need of artistic expression in all the surroundings of life. And he argued, lastly, that the sudden multiplication of all kinds of printed matter had been fatal to the orderly arrangement of thought, and had hindered a system of knowledge and a scheme of education.

I am far from sharing this immature view. Of course I hold the invention of printing to have been one of the most momentous facts in the whole history of man. Without it universal social progress, true democratic enlightenment, and the education of the people would have been impossible, or very slow, even if the cultured few, as is likely, could have advanced the knowledge of mankind without it. We place Gutenberg amongst the small list of the unique and special benefactors of mankind, in the sacred choir of those whose work transformed the conditions of life, whose work, once done, could never be repeated. And no doubt the things which our ardent friend regarded as so fatal a disturbance of society were all inevitable and necessary, part of the great revolution of mind through which men grew out of the mediæval incompleteness to a richer conception of life and of the world.

Yet there is a sense in which this boyish anathema against printing may be true to us by our own fault. We may create for ourselves these very evils. For this I hold, that the art of printing has not been a gift wholly unmixed with evils; that it

must be used wisely if it is to be a boon to man at all; that it entails on us heavy responsibilities, resolution to use it with judgment and self-control, and the will to resist its temptations and its perils. Indeed we may easily so act that we may make it a clog on the progress of the human mind, a real curse and not a boon. The power of flying at will through space would probably extinguish civilization and society, for it would release us from the wholesome bondage of localities. The power of hearing every word that had ever been uttered on this planet would annihilate thought as the power of knowing all recorded facts by the process of turning a handle would annihilate true science. Our human faculties and our mental forces are not enlarged simply by multiplying our materials of knowledge and our facilities for communication. Telephones, microphones, pantoscopes, steam-presses, and ubiquity-engines in general, may, after all, leave the poor human brain panting and throbbing under the strain of its appliances, and get no bigger and no stronger than the brains of the men who heard Moses speak, and saw Aristotle and Archimedes pondering over a few worn rolls of crabbed manuscript. Until some new Newton or Watt can invent a machine for magnifying the human mind, every fresh apparatus for multiplying its work is a fresh strain on the mind, a new realm for it to order and to rule.

And so, I say it most confidently, the first intellectual task of our age is rightly to order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path. To organize our knowledge, to systematize our reading, to save, out of the relentless cata-ract of ink, the immortal thoughts of the greatest—this is a necessity, unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos. To know anything that turns up is, in the infinity of knowledge, to know nothing. To read the first book we come across, in the wilderness of books, is to learn nothing. To turn over the pages of ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is good.

But this warns me that I am entering on a subject which is far too big and solemn for us to touch to-night. I have no pretension to deal with it as it needs. It is plain, I think, that to organize our knowledge, even to systematize our reading, to make a working selection of books for general study, really implies a complete scheme of education. A scheme of edu-

cation ultimately implies a system of philosophy, a view of man's duty and powers as a moral and social being—a religion, in fact. Before a problem so great as this, on which a general audience has such different ideas and wants, and differs so profoundly on the very premisses from which we start, before such a problem as a general theory of education, I prefer to retire. I will keep silence even from good words. I have chosen my own part, and adopted my own teacher. But to ask men to adopt the education of Auguste Comte, is almost to ask them to adopt positivism itself.

Nor will I enlarge on the matter for thought, for foreboding, almost for despair, that is presented to us by the fact of our familiar literary ways and our recognized literary profession. That things infinitely trifling in themselves, men, events, societies, phenomena, in no way otherwise more valuable than the myriad other things which flit around us like the sparrows on the housetop, should be glorified, magnified, and perpetuated, set under a literary microscope and focussed in the blaze of a literary magic-lantern—not for what they are in themselves, but solely to amuse and excite the world by showing how it can be done—all this is to me so amazing, so heartbreaking, that I forbear now to treat it, as I cannot say all that I would.

I pass from all systems of education—from thought of social duty, from meditation on the profession of letters—to more general and lighter topics. I will deal now only with the easier side of reading, with matter on which there is some common agreement in the world. I am very far from meaning that our whole time spent with books is to be given to study. Far from it. I put the poetic and emotional side of literature as the most needed for daily use. I take the books that seek to rouse the imagination, to stir up feeling, touch the heart: the books of art, of fancy, of ideals, such as reflect the delight and aroma of life. And here how does the trivial, provided it is the new, that which stares at us in the advertising columns of the day, crowd out the immortal poetry and pathos of the human race, vitiating our taste for those exquisite pieces which are a household word, and weakening our mental relish for the eternal works of genius! Old Homer is the very fountain-head of pure poetic enjoyment, of all that is spontaneous, simple, native, and dignified in life. He takes us into the ambrosial world of heroes, of human vigor, of purity, of grace. Now Homer is one of the few

poets the life of whom can be fairly preserved in a translation. Most men and women can say that they have read Homer, just as most of us can say that we have studied Johnson's "Dictionary." But how few of us take him up, time after time, with fresh delight! How few have even read the entire Iliad and Odyssey through! Whether in the resounding lines of the old Greek, as fresh and ever-stirring as the waves that tumble on the seashore, filling the soul with satisfying silent wonder at its restless unison; whether in the quaint lines of Chapman, or the clarion couplets of Pope, or the closer versions of Cowper, Lord Derby, of Philip Worsley, or even in the new prose version of the Odyssey, Homer is always fresh and rich. And yet how seldom does one find a friend spell-bound over the Greek Bible of antiquity, whilst they wade through torrents of magazine quotations from a petty versifier of to-day, and in an idle vacation will graze, as contentedly as cattle in a fresh meadow, through the chopped straw of a circulating library. A generation which will listen to "Pinafore" for three hundred nights, and will read M. Zola's seventeenth romance, can no more read Homer than it could read a cuneiform inscription. It will read about Homer just as it will read about a cuneiform inscription, and will crowd to see a few pots which probably came from the neighborhood of Troy. But to Homer and the primeval type of heroic man in his beauty, and his simpleness, and joyousness, the cultured generation is really dead, as completely as some spoiled beauty of the ball-room is dead to the bloom of the heather or the waving of the daffodils in a glade.

It is a true psychological problem, this nausea which idle culture seems to produce for all that is manly and pure in heroic poetry. One knows—at least every schoolboy has known—that a passage of Homer, rolling along in the hexameter or trumpeted out by Pope, will give one a hot glow of pleasure and raise a finer throb in the pulse; one knows that Homer is the easiest, most artless, most diverting of all poets; that the fiftieth reading rouses the spirit even more than the first—and yet we find ourselves (we are all alike) painfully pshaw-ing over some new and uncut barley-sugar in rhyme, which a man in the street asked us if we had read, or it may be some learned lucubration about the site of Troy by some one we chanced to meet at dinner. It is an unwritten chapter in the history of the human mind, how this literary prurience

after new print unmans us for the enjoyment of the old songs chanted forth in the sunrise of human imagination. To ask a man or woman who spends half a lifetime in sucking magazines and new poems to read a book of Homer, would be like asking a butcher's boy to whistle "Adelaida." The noises and sights and talk, the whirl and volatility of life around us, are too strong for us. A society which is forever gossiping in a sort of perpetual "drum," loses the very faculty of caring for anything but "early copies" and the last tale out. Thus, like the tares in the noble parable of the sower, a perpetual chatter about books chokes the seed which is sown in the greatest books of the world.

I speak of Homer, but fifty other great poets and creators of eternal beauty would serve my argument as well. Take the latest perhaps in the series of the world-wide and immortal poets of the whole human race — Walter Scott. We all read Scott's romances, as we have all read Hume's "History of England," but how often do we read them, how zealously, with what sympathy and understanding? I am told that the last discovery of modern culture is that Scott's prose is commonplace; that the young men at our universities are far too critical to care for his artless sentences and flowing descriptions. They prefer Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Mallock, and the euphuism of young Oxford, just as some people prefer a Dresden shepherdess to the caryatides of the Erechtheum, pronounce Fielding to be low, and Mozart to be *passé*. As boys love lollypops, so these juvenile fops love to roll phrases about under the tongue, as if phrases in themselves had a value apart from thoughts, feelings, great conceptions, or human sympathy. For Scott is just one of the poets (we may call poets all the great creators in prose or in verse) of whom one never wearies, just as one can listen to Beethoven or watch the sunrise or the sunset day by day with new delight. I think I can read "The Antiquary," or "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," and "Old Mortality," at least once a year afresh. Now Scott is a perfect library in himself. A constant reader of romances would find that it needed months to go through even the best pieces of the inexhaustible painter of eight full centuries and every type of man; and he might repeat the process of reading him ten times in a lifetime without a sense of fatigue or sameness. The poetic beauty of Scott's creations is almost the least of his great qualities. It is the uni-

versality of his sympathy that is so truly great, the justice of his estimates, the insight into the spirit of each age, his intense absorption of self in the vast epic of human civilization. What are the old almanacs that they so often give us as histories beside these living pictures of the ordered succession of ages? As in Homer himself, we see in this prose Iliad of modern history, the battle of the old and the new, the heroic defence of ancient strongholds, the long-impending and inevitable doom of mediæval life. Strong men and proud women struggle against the destiny of modern society, unconsciously working out its ways, undauntedly defying its power. How just is our island Homer! Neither Greek nor Trojan sways him; Achilles is his hero; Hector is his favorite; he loves the councils of chiefs and the palace of Priam; but the swine-herd, the charioteer, the slave-girl, the hound, the beggar, and the herdsman all glow alike in the harmonious coloring of his peopled epic. We see the dawn of our English nation, the defence of Christendom against the Koran, the grace and the terror of feudalism, the rise of monarchy out of baronies, the rise of parliaments out of monarchy, the rise of industry out of serfage, the pathetic ruin of chivalry, the splendid death-struggle of Catholicism, the sylvan tribes of the mountain (remnants of our pre-historic forefathers) beating themselves to pieces against the hard advance of modern industry; we see the grim heroism of the Bible-martyrs, the catastrophe of feudalism overwhelmed by a practical age which knew little of its graces and almost nothing of its virtues. Such is Scott, who we may say has done for the various phases of modern history, what Shakespeare has done for the manifold types of human character. And this glorious and most human and most historical of poets, without whom our very conception of human development would have ever been imperfect, this manliest, and truest, and widest of romancers we neglect for some hothouse hybrid of psychological analysis, for the wretched imitators of Balzac and the jackanapes phrasemongering of some Osric of the day, who assures us that Scott is an absolute Philistine.

In speaking with enthusiasm of Scott, as of Homer, or of Shakespeare, or of Milton, or of any of the accepted masters of the world, I have no wish to insist dogmatically upon any single name, or two or three in particular. Our enjoyment and reverence of the great poets of the world is seriously injured nowadays by the habit

we get of singling out some particular quality, some particular school of art, for intemperate praise, or, still worse, for intemperate abuse. Mr. Ruskin, I suppose, is answerable for the taste for this one-sided and spasmodic criticism; and every young gentleman who has the trick of a few adjectives will languidly vow that Marlowe is supreme, or Murillo foul. It is the mark of rational criticism, as well as of healthy thought, to maintain an evenness of mind in judging of great works, to recognize great qualities in due proportion, to feel that defects are made up by beauties, and beauties are often balanced by weakness. The true judgment implies a weighing of each work and each workman as a whole, in relation to the sum of human cultivation and the gradual advance of the movement of ages. And in this matter we shall usually find that the world is right, the world of the modern centuries and the nations of Europe together. It is unlikely, to say the least of it, that a young person who has hardly ceased making Latin verses will be able to reverse the decisions of the civilized world; and it is even more unlikely that Milton and Molière, Fielding and Scott, will ever be displaced by a poet who has unaccountably lain hid for one or two centuries. I know, that in the style of to-day, I ought hardly to venture to address you about poetry unless I am prepared to unfold to you the mysterious beauties of some unknown genius who has recently been unearthed by the children of light and sweetness. I confess I have no such discovery to announce. I prefer to dwell in Gath and to pitch my tents in Ashdod; and I doubt the use of the sling as a weapon in modern war. I decline to go into hyperbolic eccentricities over unknown geniuses, and a single quality or power is not enough to rouse my enthusiasm. It is possible that no master ever painted a buttercup like this one, or the fringe of a robe like that one; that this poet has a unique subtlety, and that an undefinable music. I am still unconvinced, though the man who cannot see it, we are told, should at once retire to the place where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth.

I am against all gnashing of teeth, whether for or against a particular idol. I stand by the men, and by all the men, who have moved mankind to the depths of their souls, who have taught generations, and formed our life. If I say of Scott, that to have drunk in the whole of his glorious spirit is a liberal education in itself, I am asking for no exclusive devotion to Scott,

to any poet, or any school of poets, or any age, or any country, to any style or any order of poet, one more than another. They are as various, fortunately, and as many-sided as human nature itself. If I delight in Scott, I love Fielding, and Richardson, and Sterne, and Goldsmith, and Defoe. Yes, and I will add Cooper and Marryat, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen — to confine myself to those who are already classics, to our own country, and to one form of art alone, and not to venture on the ground of contemporary romance in general. What I have said of Homer, I would say in a degree but somewhat lower, of those great ancients who are the most accessible to us in English — Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, and Horace. What I have said of Shakespeare I would say of Calderon, of Molière, of Corneille, of Racine, of Voltaire, of Alfieri, of Goethe, of those dramatists, in many forms, and with genius the most diverse, who have so steadily set themselves to idealize the great types of public life and of the phases of human history. Let us all beware lest worship of the idiosyncrasy of our peerless Shakespeare blind us to the value of the great masters who in a different world and with different aims have presented the development of civilization in a series of dramas, where the unity of a few great types of man and of society is made paramount to subtlety of character or brilliancy of language. What I have said of Milton, I would say of Dante, of Ariosto, of Petrarch, and of Tasso; nor less would I say it of Boccaccio and Chaucer, of Camoens and Spenser, of Rabelais and of Cervantes, of Gil Blas and the Vicar of Wakefield, of Byron and of Shelley, of Goethe and of Schiller. Nor let us forget those wonderful idealizations of awakening thought and primitive societies, the pictures of other races and types of life removed from our own, all those primeval legends, ballads, songs, and tales, those proverbs, apologues, and maxims, which have come down to us from distant ages of man's history, — the old idylls and myths of the Hebrew race; the tales of Greece, of the Middle Ages, of the East; the fables of the old and the new world; the songs of the Nibelungs; the romances of early feudalism; the "Morte d'Arthur;" the "Arabian Nights;" the ballads of the early nations of Europe.

I protest that I am devoted to no school in particular: I condemn no school, I reject none. I am for the school of all the great men; and I am against the school of the smaller men. I care for Wordsworth

as well as for Byron, for Burns as well as Shelley, for Boccaccio as well as for Milton, for Bunyan as well as Rabelais, for Cervantes as much as for Dante, for Corneille as well as for Shakespeare, for Goldsmith as well as Goethe. I stand by the sentence of the world; and I hold that in a matter so human and so broad as the highest poetry the judgment of the nations of Europe is pretty well settled, at any rate after a century or two of continuous reading and discussing. Let those who will assure us that no one can pretend to culture, unless he swear by Fra Angelico and Sandro Botticelli, by Arnolphe the son of Lapo, or the Lombardic bricklayers, by Martini and Galuppi (all, by the way, admirable men of the second rank); and so, in literature and poetry, there are some who will hear of nothing but Webster or Marlowe; Blake, Herrick, or Keats; William Langland or the Earl of Surrey; Heine or Omar Kayam. All of these are men of genius, and each with a special and inimitable gift of his own. But the busy world, which does not hunt poets as collectors hunt for curios, may fairly reserve these lesser lights for the time when they know the greatest well.

So, I say, think mainly of the greatest, of the best-known, of those who cover the largest area of human history and man's common nature. Now when we come to count up these names accepted by the unanimous voice of Europe, we have some thirty or forty names, and amongst them are some of the most voluminous of writers. I have been running over but one department of literature alone, the poetic. I have been naming those only, whose names are household words with us, and the poets for the most part of modern Europe. Yet even here we have a list which is usually found in not less than a hundred volumes at least. Now poetry and the highest kind of romance are exactly that order of literature, which not only will bear to be read many times, but that of which the true value can only be gained by frequent, and indeed habitual, reading. A man can hardly be said to know the Twelfth Mass or the Ninth Symphony, by virtue of having once heard them played ten years ago; he can hardly be said to take air and exercise because he took a country-walk once last autumn. And so, he can hardly be said to know Scott, or Shakespeare, or Molière, or Cervantes, when he once read them since the close of his school days, or amidst the daily grind of his professional life. The immortal and universal poets of our race are to be

read and re-read till their music and their spirit are a part of our nature; they are to be thought over and digested till we live in the world they created for us; they are to be read devoutly, as devout men read their Bible and fortify their hearts with psalms. For as the old Hebrew singer heard the heavens declare the glory of their maker, and the firmament showing his handiwork, so in the long roll of poetry we see transfigured the strength and beauty of humanity, the joys and sorrows, the dignity and struggles, the long life-history of our common kind.

I have said but little of the more difficult poetry, and the religious meditations of the great idealists in prose and verse, whom it needs a concentrated study to master. Some of these are hard to all men, and at all seasons. The "Divine Comedy," in its way, reaches as deep in its thoughtfulness as Descartes himself. But these books, if they are difficult to all, are impossible to the gluttons of the circulating library. To these munchers of vapid memoirs and monotonous tales such books are closed indeed. The power of enjoyment and of understanding is withered up within them. To the besotted gambler on the turf the lonely hillside glowing with heather grows to be as dreary as a prison; and so too, a man may listen nightly to burlesques, till "Fidelio" inflicts on him intolerable fatigue. One may be a devourer of books, and be actually incapable of reading a hundred lines of the wisest and the most beautiful. To read one of such books comes only by habit, as prayer is impossible to one who habitually dreads to be alone.

In an age of steam it seems almost idle to speak of Dante, the most profound, the most meditative, the most prophetic of all poets, in whose epic the panorama of mediæval life, of feudalism at its best, of Christianity at its best, stands, as in a microcosm, transfigured, judged, and measured. To most men, the "Paradise Lost," with all its mighty music, and its idyllic pictures of human nature, of our first child-parents in their naked purity and their awakening thought, is a serious and ungrateful task — not to be ranked with the simple enjoyments: it is a possession to be acquired only by habit. The great religious poets, the imaginative teachers of the heart, are never easy reading. But the reading of them is a religious habit, rather than an intellectual effort. I pretend not to-night to be dealing with a matter so deep and high as religion, or indeed with education in the fuller sense. I will say

nothing of that side of reading which is really hard study, an effort of duty, matter of meditation and reverential thought. I need speak not to-night of such reading as that of the Bible; the moral reflections of Socrates, of Aristotle, of Confucius; the "Confessions" of St. Augustine and "The City of God;" the discourses of St. Bernard, of Bossuet, of Bishop Butler, of Jeremy Taylor; the vast philosophical visions that were opened to the eyes of Bacon and Descartes; the thoughts of Pascal and Vauvenargues, of Diderot and Hume, of Condorcet and De Maistre; the problem of man's nature as it is told in "The Excursion," or in "Faust," in "Cain," or in the "Pilgrim's Progress;" the unsearchable outpouring of the heart in the great mystics, of many ages and many races; be the mysticism that of David or of John; of Mahomet or of Boudha; of Fénelon or of Shelley.

I pass by all these. For I am speaking now of the use of books in our leisure hours. I will take the books of simple enjoyment, books that one can laugh over and weep over; and learn from, and laugh or weep again; which have in them humor, truth, human nature in all its sides, pictures of the great phases of human history; and withal sound teaching in honesty, manliness, gentleness, patience. Of such books, I say, books accepted by the voice of all mankind as matchless and immortal, there is a complete library at hand for every man, in his every mood, whatever his tastes or his acquirements. To know merely the hundred volumes or so of which I have spoken would involve the study of years. But who can say that these books are read as they might be, that we do not neglect them for something in a new cover, or which catches our eye in a library? It is not merely to the idle and unreading world that this complaint holds good. It is the insatiable readers themselves who so often read to the least profit. Of course they have read all these household books many years ago, read them, and judged them, and put them away forever. They will read infinite dissertations about these authors; they will write you essays on their works; they will talk most learned criticism about them. But it never occurs to them that such books have a daily and perpetual value, such as the devout Christian finds in his morning and evening psalm; that the music of them has to sink into the soul by continual renewal; that we have to live with them and in them, till their ideal world habitually surrounds us in the midst of the

real world; that their great thoughts have to stir us daily anew, and their generous passion has to warm us hour by hour: just as we need each day to have our eyes filled by the light of heaven, and our blood warmed by the glow of the sun. I vow that, when I see men, forgetful of the perennial poetry of the world, muck-raking in a litter of fugitive refuse, I think of that wonderful scene in the "Pilgrim's Progress," where the Interpreter shows the wayfarers the old man raking in the straw and dust, whilst he will not see the angel who offers him a crown of gold and precious stones.

This gold, refined beyond the standard of the goldsmith, these pearls of great price, the united voice of mankind has assured us are found in those immortal works of every age and of every race whose names are household words throughout the world. And we shut our eyes to them for the sake of the straw and litter of the nearest library or bookshop. A lifetime will hardly suffice to know, as they ought to be known, these great masterpieces of man's genius. How many of us can name ten men who may be said entirely to know (in the sense in which a thoughtful Christian knows the Psalms and the Epistles) even a few of the greatest poets? I take them almost at random, and I name Homer, Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Calderon, Corneille, Molière, Milton, Fielding, Goethe, Scott. Of course every one has read these poets, but who really knows them, the whole of them, the whole meaning of them? They are too often taken "as read," as they say in the railway meetings.

Take of this immortal choir the liveliest, the easiest, the most familiar, take for the moment the three — Cervantes, Molière, Fielding. Here we have three poets who unite the profoundest insight into human nature with the most inimitable wit: "Penseroso" and "L'Allegro" in one; "sober, steadfast, and demure," and yet with "Laughter holding both his sides." And in all three, different as they are, is an unfathomable pathos, a brotherly pity for all human weakness, spontaneous sympathy with all human goodness. To know "Don Quixote," that is, to follow out the whole mystery of its double world, is to know the very tragicomedy of human life, the contrast of the ideal with the real, of chivalry with good sense, of heroic failure with vulgar utility, of the past with the present, of the impossible sublime with the possible commonplace. And yet to how

many reading men is "Don Quixote" little more than a book to laugh over in boyhood! So Molière is read or witnessed; we laugh and we praise. But how little do we study with insight that elaborate gallery of human character; those consummate types of almost every social phenomenon; that genial and just judge of imposture, folly, vanity, affectation, and insincerity; that tragic picture of the brave man born out of his time, too proud and too just to be of use in his age! Was ever truer word said than that about Fielding as "the prose Homer of human nature"? And yet how often do we forget in "Tom Jones" the beauty of unselfishness, the wellspring of goodness, the tenderness, the manly healthiness and heartiness, underlying its frolic and its satire, because we are absorbed, it may be, in laughing at its humor, or are simply irritated by its grossness! Nay, "Robinson Crusoe" contains (not for boys but for men) more religion, more philosophy, more psychology, more political economy, more anthropology, than are found in many elaborate treatises on these special subjects. And yet, I imagine, grown men do not often read "Robinson Crusoe" as the article has it, "for instruction of life and ensample of manners." The great books of the world we have once read; we take them as read; we believe that we read them; at least, we believe, that we know them. But to how few of us are they the daily mental food! For once that we take down our Milton, and read a book of that "voice," as Wordsworth says, "whose sound is like the sea," we take up fifty times a magazine, with something about Milton, or about Milton's grandmother, or a book stuffed with curious facts about the houses in which he lived, and the juvenile ailments of his first wife.

And whilst the roll of the great men yet unread is to all of us so long, whilst years are not enough to master the very least of them, we are incessantly searching the earth for something new or strangely forgotten. Brilliant essays are forever extolling some minor light. It becomes the fashion to grow rapturous about the obscure Elizabethan dramatists; about the note of refinement in the lesser men of Queen Anne; it is pretty to swear by Lyly's "Euphues" and Sidney's "Arcadia;" to vaunt Lovelace and Herrick, Marvell and Donne, Robert Burton and Sir Thomas Browne. All of them are excellent men, who have written delightful things, that may very well be enjoyed when we have utterly exhausted the best. But

when one meets beves of hyper-aesthetic young maidens, in lackadaisical gowns, who simper about Greene and John Ford (authors, let us trust, that they never have read) one wonders if they all know "Lear" or ever heard of "Alceste." Since to nine out of ten of the "general readers," the very best is as yet more than they have managed to assimilate, this fidgeting after something curious is a little premature and perhaps artificial.

For this reason I stand amazed at the lengths of fantastic curiosity to which persons, far from learned, have pushed the mania for collecting rare books, or prying into out-of-the-way holes and corners of literature. They conduct themselves as if all the works attainable by ordinary diligence were to them sucked as dry as an orange. Says one, "I came across a very curious book, mentioned in a parenthesis in the '*Religio Medici*:' only one other copy exists in this country." I will not mention the work to-night, because I know that, if I did, to-morrow morning at least fifty libraries would be ransacked for it, which would be unpardonable waste of time. "I am bringing out," says another quite simply, "the lives of the washer-women of the queens of England." And when it comes out we shall have a copious collection of washing-books some centuries old, and at length understand the mode of ironing a ruff in the early mediæval period. A very learned friend of mine thinks it perfectly monstrous that a public library should be without an adequate collection of works in Dutch, though I believe he is the only frequenter of it who can read that language. Not long ago I procured for a Russian scholar a manuscript copy of a very rare work by Greene, the contemporary of Shakespeare. Greene's "Funeralls" is, I think, as dismal and worthless a set of lines as one often sees; and as it has slumbered for nearly three hundred years, I should be willing to let it be its own undertaker. But this unsavory carrion is at last to be dug out of its grave; for it is now translated into Russian and published in Moscow (to the honor and glory of the Russian professor) in order to delight and inform the Muscovite public, where perhaps not ten in a million can as much as read Shakespeare. This or that collector again, with the labor of half a lifetime and by means of half his fortune, has amassed a library of old plays, every one of them worthless in diction, in plot, in sentiment, and in purpose; a collection far more stupid and uninteresting in fact than the

burlesques and pantomimes of the last fifty years. And yet this insatiable student of old plays will probably know less of Molière and Alfieri than Molière's house-keeper or Alfieri's valet; and possibly he has never looked into such poets as Calderon and Vondel.

Collecting rare books and forgotten authors is perhaps of all the collecting manias the most foolish in our day. There is much to be said for rare china and curious beetles. The china is occasionally beautiful; and the beetles at least are droll. But rare books now are, by the nature of the case, worthless books; and their rarity usually consists in this, that the printer made a blunder in the text, or that they contain something exceptionally nasty or silly. To affect a profound interest in neglected authors and uncommon books, is a sign for the most part — not that a man has exhausted the resources of ordinary literature — but that he has no real respect for the greatest productions of the greatest men of the world. This bibliomania seizes hold of rational beings and so perverts them, that in the sufferer's mind the human race exists for the sake of the books, and not the books for the sake of the human race. There is one book they might read to good purpose, the doings of a great book-collector — who once lived in La Mancha. To the collector, and sometimes to the scholar, the book becomes a fetich or idol, and is worthy of the worship of mankind, even if it cannot be the slightest use to anybody. As the book exists, it must have the compliment paid it of being invited to the shelves. The "library is imperfect without it," although the library will, so to speak, stink when it has got it. The great books are of course the common books; and these are treated by collectors and librarians with sovereign contempt. The more dreadful an abortion of a book the rare volume may be, the more desperate is the struggle of libraries to possess it. Civilization in fact has evolved a complete apparatus, an order of men, and a code of ideas, for the express purpose one may say of degrading the great books. It suffocates them under mountains of little books, and gives the place of honor to that which is plainly literary carrion.

Now I suppose, at the bottom of all this, lies that rattle and restlessness of life which belongs to the industrial maelström wherein we ever revolve. And connected therewith comes also that literary dandyism, which results from the pursuit of letters without any social purpose or any

systematic faith. To read from the pricking of some cerebral itch rather than from a desire of forming judgments; to get, like an Alpine club stripping, to the top of some unscaled pinnacle of culture; to use books as a sedative, as a means of exciting a mild intellectual titillation, instead of as a means of elevating the nature; to dribble on in a perpetual literary gossip, in order to avoid the effort of bracing the mind to think — such is our habit in an age of utterly chaotic education. We read, as the bereaved poet made rhymes —

For the inquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

We, for whom steam and electricity have done almost everything except give us bigger brains and hearts, who have a new invention ready for every meeting of the Royal Institution, who want new things to talk about faster than children want new toys to break, we cannot take up the books we have seen about us since our childhood: Milton, or Molière, or Scott. It feels like donning knee-breeches and buckles, to read what everybody has read, that everybody can read, and which our very fathers thought good entertainment scores of years ago. Hard-worked men and overwrought women crave an occupation which shall free them from their thoughts and yet not take them from their world. And thus it comes that we need at least a thousand new books every season, whilst we have rarely a spare hour left for the greatest of all. But I am getting into a vein too serious for our purpose: education is a long and thorny topic. I will cite but the words on this head of the great Bishop Butler. "The great number of books and papers of amusement which, of one kind or another, daily come in one's way, have in part occasioned, and most perfectly fall in with and humor, this idle way of reading and considering things. By this means time, even in solitude, is happily got rid of, without the pain of attention; neither is any part of it more put to the account of idleness, one can scarce forbear saying, is spent with less thought, than great part of that which is spent in reading." But this was written exactly a century and a half ago, in 1729; since which date, let us trust, the multiplicity of print and the habits of desultory reading have considerably abated.

A philosopher with whom I hold (but with whose opinions I have no present intention of troubling you) has proposed a

method of dealing with this indiscriminate use of books, which I think is worthy of attention. He has framed a short collection of books for constant and general reading. He put it forward "with the view of guiding the more thoughtful minds among the people in their choice for constant use." He declares that "both the intellect and the moral character suffer grievously at the present time from irregular reading." It was not intended to put a bar upon other reading, or to supersede special study. It is designed as a type of a healthy and rational syllabus of essential books, fit for common teaching and daily use. It presents a working epitome of what is best and most enduring in the literature of the world. The entire collection would form, in the shape in which books now exist in modern libraries, something like five hundred volumes. They embrace books both of ancient and modern times, in all the five principal languages of modern Europe. It is divided into four sections: Poetry, Science, History, Religion.

The principles on which it is framed are these. First it collects the best in all the great departments of human thought, so that no part of education shall be wholly wanting. Next it puts together the greatest books, of universal and permanent value, and the greatest and the most enduring only. Next it measures the greatness of books not by their brilliancy, or even their learning, but by their power of presenting some typical chapter in thought, some dominant phase of history; or else it measures them by their power of idealizing man and nature, or of giving harmony to our moral and intellectual activity. Lastly, the test of the general value of books is the permanent relation they bear to the common civilization of Europe.

Some such firm foothold in the vast and increasing torrent of literature it is certainly urgent to find, unless all that is great in literature is to be borne away in the flood of books. With this, we may avoid an interminable wandering over a pathless waste of waters. Without it, we may read everything and know nothing; we may be curious about anything that chances, and indifferent to everything that profits. Having such a catalogue before our eyes, with its perpetual warning — *non multa sed multum* — we shall see how with our insatiable consumption of print we wander, like unclassed spirits, round the outskirts only of those Elysian fields where the great dead dwell and hold high converse. As it is we hear but in a faint echo that voice which cries: —

Onorate l'altissimo Poeta:

L'ombra sua torna, ch' era dipartita.

We need to be reminded every day, how many are the books of inimitable glory, which, with all our eagerness after reading, we have never taken in our hands. It will astonish most of us to find how much of our very industry is given to the books which leave no mark, how often we rake in the litter of the printing-press, whilst a crown of gold and rubies is offered us in vain.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

SARAH DE BERENGER.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER III.

TIME, ten o'clock in the morning after this tea-drinking.

Scene, the parlor before mentioned, and Mrs. Dill seated in it quite alone.

Her baby, once more in charge of the "gel," was down in the kitchen, staring just as contentedly at its dingy ceiling as she had done some days before at the celestial azure that showed between the leaves of the hop-bines. Her little girl, having found a dead black-beetle, was putting it to bed in a duster, with just as much pleasure as she had received before-time from the flowers.

Mrs. Dill had borrowed a black gown, and a very large flat black brooch, from the taller of her two aunts, and was awaiting the lawyer's visit.

A lanky sunbeam, having got down between two opposite chimneys, seemed to be pointing out to her country eyes how dirty London was, what nests of dust there were in the corners of the windowpanes, and how, wherever there was a crack in the plaster or the wainscot, blacks were attracted towards it, and marked its course by a winding line, that reminded her, as it has done so many other people, of a river traced upon a map. There was a garniture of pipes round the small looking-glass; ill-matched tumblers, standing on a card-table, flanked the now almost empty bottle of gin. But yet this was a parlor, and her sensations towards it, though made restless by suspense, were on the whole pleasure and pride.

And now Mr. Bartlett appeared, and took the will from his pocket, which he read to her with all gravity, while she sat in state opposite.

It treated of certain shares in the Brighton Railway, of a particular message or

tenement, of two fields bought of Richard Prosper, the butcher of Stoke, near Ipswich, and then, in the midst of a good deal of jargon concerning property real and personal, came the name of Hannah Dill, whose maiden name was Goodrich, and who was to have and to hold this same messuage or tenement, with other his said property real and personal, during the term of her natural life, and if she survived her husband, to have power to will it away.

Here followed a codicil.

When Mr. Bartlett had read the will and the codicil from beginning to end, he got up and stood on the rug. She then rose also. How could she think of sitting unless he did?

He perceived this, and also that she was very little the wiser for what she had heard.

"The name of the executor, you perceive, is Gordon. He is a very respectable tradesman, but he is ill just now — not able to appear."

Still silence.

"I dare say the codicil puzzles you. Mr. Goodrich added that himself. His real property having proved troublesome and a losing concern to him, the executor is at liberty to sell it, provided it is forthwith reinvested, or laid out prudently. He also expressly permits that a portion be laid out in buying a business or in stocking a shop."

Then he sat down again, and so did she, and gathered courage to ask a question. "Might she take the liberty to inquire how much a week the things he had been good enough to read about would bring in?"

"How much a week — how much — a week?" he repeated slowly, as he took out a pencil. "The income you should derive from this property," he said, adding the various items together, "is as near as may be one hundred and eighty pounds a year; that is about three pounds a week, you know."

Though she had been in such poverty, and this was riches to her, she betrayed no vulgar elation.

"Indeed, sir. Thank you. Is that money mine, to do as I like with?"

"Well, yes; for though you are a married woman, your husband cannot interfere with you at present."

"No, sir," she answered faintly. "He was sentenced, poor fellow, for fourteen years, and I know now that he is in the convict prison at Dartmoor. He is most likely not to leave the country, as I had thought; he is to work there at his trade."

"You know, of course, that if he behaves well, he will be allowed to come out in eleven or twelve years with a ticket of leave."

"Yes, sir; and that he will be allowed to write to me, and I to him, twice a year. I heard so from his brother, Jacob Dill, who felt sure that, in time, I should hear of that advertisement, and come. So he wrote here accordingly. They gave me the letter last night. I suppose, sir, that, when my poor husband comes out, he will have just as much right to the money, and to his children and to me, as if he had never got himself into trouble?"

"Certainly he will; nothing but a sentence for life can dissolve the marriage contract. You took him for worse as well as for better."

"I know, sir. Am I responsible to him then, do you think, for what I do with the money while he is under his sentence?"

"No, Mrs. Dill; it cannot be said that you are."

Here, being a restless man, Mr. Bartlett forgot himself, rose, and stood on the rug again. Mrs. Dill took occasion to rise also.

"About those relations of yours? I suppose you took my advice?"

"I did as well as I could," she answered, with apologetic respect.

Here he gravely seated himself, and she followed suit.

"As well as you could?" he repeated.

"Sir, they made the remark so many times, that it seemed very hard and very unnatural — in short, they were that low about the will —"

"Well, Mrs. Dill?"

"That at last I said, if you were quite agreeable, I would endeavor to come to some sort of agreement with them. If you were quite agreeable, sir," she repeated, seeing him knit his brow. "On consideration of which," she went on, "they all promised faithfully that they would go away. And they thought it would be as well that they should be out of the house till dinner-time, that I might be wholly free to talk it over with you."

"Your object in coming to an agreement, as you call it, would simply be in order to get rid of them."

"Well — yes, sir."

"Mrs. Dill, if once you begin to pay your relations to go, they will return and return, to be paid again. I should send them all to the rightabout, if I were you. They have enough. They all get a decent living."

"Oh, you simpleton!" was his thought;

"you will be fleeced of every shilling before you are a year older."

"You must think of your young children," he remarked, "and their almost worse than fatherless state. They have no one but yourself to look to."

"Yes, I feel that, sir."

"And, then, something surely is due to your uncle's wish, the old man's wish who earned this property, and has deliberately chosen to leave it to you."

"And I thought of that too. But it's mine now, and I fare to feel hurt by their reproaches. If it was only a trifle, my eldest uncle said; and so did his son, my cousin. I said perhaps Mr. Bartlett would not allow me to —"

"To give any of the income away?" he asked, when she hesitated. "I could not prevent it, nor Mr. Gordon either."

"So they said, sir," she replied, with an ingenuous sigh of regret. "They said, 'Hannah, if you chose to take and chuck it all in the Thames, they could not prevent it.'"

"Quite true."

Then she tried to explain to him her distress at having to do anything mean. She thought the old man had left his property to her more to spite his brothers and sisters than out of any love to herself. She could not bear to hear those nearer to him speak so hardly of the dead; she would buy his memory into better repute by making some sacrifice of his goods.

She had, as he observed, notions of honor and right not common in her class, but also she was simple in some other matters to a degree not common in any class. She had that temperament which, with one touch more of the divine in it than others, has also one touch more of the child. The child in her nature was destined never to grow up, as the yearning idea was too high ever to be satisfied.

"You seem very much afraid of your aunts and uncles," he said. "But let me tell you one thing for your comfort: the law will not permit you to make away with any of the principal; you can only deal with the income."

"That was what they made me promise to ask; they seemed to be afraid it was the case."

"As long as your husband is living you can only touch the income."

"Still, for the next ten or eleven years I could give them what I pleased out of the income."

"What they pleased, I think you mean! You could. Did they name any particular that would satisfy them?"

"Why, sir, there are five of them. If I

kept half for myself till such time as poor Dill came home, the other half wouldn't be much divided among them; but I reckoned, by what they let fall, it would satisfy them if it was paid regular."

Here Mr. Bartlett got up once more, and stood cogitating by the window. She was a fool; but he did not despise, for he understood her.

He remained a few minutes turning over in his mind, between pity and amusement, what to do for her. It was no business of his, as he assured himself, but yet he meant to take it in hand. A sudden thought seemed to strike him just as a cab passed the window. He tapped and stopped it.

"These *harpies* are gone out, you say. Where are your children?"

"Down-stairs, sir."

"I have a note to write. Suppose you fetch them up, and come back to me with your bonnet on."

Her bonnet was so shabby! She knew not whether to think most of it, or of Mr. Samuel Weller, who went to Doctors' Common to prove a will. Was Mr. Bartlett going to take her there?

Mr. Bartlett was in the passage when she appeared with her children. He had a note in his hand, the ink of which was not dry. He had already opened the street door; he moved to her to enter the cab, and straightway shut her in. "I have told the man where to drive," he said. "The direction is on the note, also;" and before she had recovered from her astonishment, she had left her late uncle's house, never to enter it again.

It may be as well to draw a veil over the scene that ensued, when her aunts and uncles having returned, and waited dinner for her a reasonable time, began to suspect that she had escaped them. To obtain the half of everything, was the very least they had counted on. Some of them remained within, in case she should return; others went to Mr. Bartlett's office. Mr. Bartlett, they were informed, was engaged, and could not possibly see them, but they learned from his clerk that no person resembling Hannah Dill had called there that day.

The note that Mr. Bartlett had put into Mrs. Dill's hand was addressed, "Mrs. George Bartlett." Its contents may as well be given here.

"DEAR LOVE, —

"You remember the scene I was describing to you last night? This is the heroine of it!

"Her relations have arranged a plan for chousing her out of her money; and she is so *chousable*, that if left with them another day, she will be committed to it irretrievably. So, unknown to herself, I have caused her to run away from them. Tell her so, and tell her I say, that in justice to herself and her children, she must not decide to give anything to these people while under the constant pressure of their importunity.

"I suppose, love, she can dine in the nursery? And then I want you, as soon as possible after, to let nurse take her in the omnibus up the new road to old Mrs. Prentice, who can lodge her, or recommend her to somebody who can. Tell her to keep herself perfectly quiet till she hears from us.

"Thine,
"G. B."

Mrs. Dill had been driven to Mr. Bartlett's house, and, in a high state of astonishment and perplexity, was waiting in a handsome dining-room, and keeping her children quiet with some difficulty, when a plump, pleasant-looking young woman came in, with the note open in her hand, and a face full of amusement and curiosity.

Mrs. Dill exclaimed that she hoped there was no mistake. And the lady answered cordially, "No mistake at all. I am Mrs. George Bartlett. I could not come down sooner; I was nursing my baby. Yours looks very young."

"Only sixteen days, ma'am; and I believe that's hungry."

"Poor little lamb!" said the other mother, and paused an instant, as if she hardly knew how to go on; then glancing at the note again, and catching an idea from it, she said, with a smile of amusement, "Well, suppose you come up to the nursery, and nurse it there, and see my baby. But he is a great big fellow, eight months old. Come, I will lead your little girl."

The baby by this time was so *fractionous*, that Mrs. Dill, in spite of her surprise, was very glad of any proposal which promised to allow of her satisfying its little requirements.

"The children are gone out for their walk," observed Mrs. Bartlett, as they entered a light, roomy nursery. "Take their rocking-chair, and make yourself at home."

Then, as soon as the baby was quiet and happy, and little Miss Dill had been propitiated with a sponge rusk and a rag doll, Mrs. Bartlett said, "And so my hus-

band has made you run away from your relations?"

"Ma'am!" exclaimed Mrs. Dill, "I do assure you I shouldn't think of such a thing."

"He says so," repeated Mrs. Bartlett, much enjoying her task.

"I never thought of such a thing!" the other exclaimed again.

"What did you think you were doing, then, when you got into the cab? Why did you do it?"

"Why, ma'am, because Mr. Bartlett told me."

Mrs. Bartlett now, at some length, explained the true state of the case, and soon observed that to know she was freed from these relations, and had got her future in her own hands, was a most welcome thought to Mrs. Dill. Her gratitude was fervent, but she could not help smiling while she answered the questions of her hostess as to what had passed.

"I wonder you did not at least ask Mr. Bartlett where you were going."

"Oh, ma'am, Mr. Bartlett is such a commanding gentleman! I couldn't take the liberty."

Mrs. Bartlett laughed. On reflection she laughed again. "Well, I suppose George has rather a commanding manner with strangers," was her thought. "But, dear me! who would expect him to be obeyed and no questions asked!"

Mr. Bartlett was his wife's humble servant. He was what is sometimes called an "out-sized man," large-handed, heavy-footed, imposing in appearance, commanding in voice and gesture; a great, dark, plain, downright, upright, kind-hearted personage.

It is said that in a thoroughly strong and good government the weight of the governing hand is least felt. Mr. Bartlett was ruled with such utter ease and skill that he thought he was free.

In two hours' time Mrs. Dill had entered her lodgings at Pentonville, and was divesting herself of her aunt's gown and brooch, which, to prevent discovery, were to be returned by the Parcels Delivery Company.

Having no gown, she was obliged to stay indoors till a dressmaker could finish one for her. The shop-windows were not then, as now, full of "costumes" ready-made. Mrs. Dill and the nurse did some shopping on their way, and then left alone with her babes, after the latter had withdrawn, she sat down to think over the astonishing events of the last twenty-four hours.

And the long journey, and the excitement she had since gone through, began to tell upon her, and for several days she was glad to lie quietly on her bed, finding it enough to wonder at and be thankful for that she could procure whatever she wanted, and civility too. For, as the landlady would sometimes remark to her, "A fat trouble, ma'am, is much better than a lean trouble; and however bad you feel, you know you've only to put your hand in your pocket, and send me out to buy the dinner."

Mrs. Dill soon constituted herself Mr. Bartlett's client, and taking, by his advice, or rather by his orders, several days to think the matter over, conveyed to him her deliberate wish that he would keep for her one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and divide the remainder of the income, with the furniture and clothes left by her deceased uncle, equally among his brothers and sisters.

Mr. Bartlett and the executor grumbled over this decision, but they carried it out, and of their own accord obtained from each of the recipients a written promise, never again to molest Hannah Dill in the possession of her property, and never at any future time to apply to the said Hannah Dill for money, on any pretence whatever.

They were all satisfied, especially Hannah Dill, who read the signed paper, and heard that all her relations were gone back to Suffolk, with almost incredulous joy.

Poor woman, she was now safe for a while from the unkindness of her husband. She began to try hard to forgive him, being helped by the consciousness that he could not now be offending against her. Her natural jealousy as a wife was appeased; she pitied him. He would surely now become a better man. In about five months he would have leave to communicate by letter with her. He should hear of her good fortune, and for the sake of this promise of secured future comforts, if not for her sake, surely he would reform.

She dreaded him sorely; but what hope was there for her, excepting in thus hoping the best for him? This crime had been hateful to her, for the house he had robbed was that of her own dear lady, and there could be no doubt that he had obtained the knowledge which made this easy during the time when he had come courting there to her.

She had been somewhat of a wanderer. Born at Ipswich, she had moved with the family of her lady to Bristol; but Uziah

Dill belonged to Chester, and soon after her marriage with him, he had returned there on a promise of work, and there they had lived till he went off with the woman for whose sake he had for some time neglected her.

She was very weak and ill all that winter; she had gone through so much misery, that she could not soon recover. But she had the solace of her children, and having plenty of money and time, she employed herself mainly in making an abundant supply of comfortable and handsome clothing for them.

She went now and then to see Mrs. Bartlett, and observed how her children were dressed. "Mine have a right to the best," was her thought; "and, bless them, they shall have it, and the best of wholesome eating too."

Hannah Dill was a tall young woman, with a large frame, and dark hair and eyes. Her children were two delicate little fairies, flaxen-haired and blue-eyed, with all the pensive beauty of their father, but with little promise of strength and vigor.

When she knew that it was almost time for her husband to write to her, she wrote to his brother, Jacob Dill, and gave him her address. She little thought this would bring the whole tribe of the Dills upon her; she knew that they had not money enough to come, and they had been so unfriendly to her, that she supposed they would be ashamed to apply to her for money, even by letter.

She was quite mistaken, and soon found herself worse off with them than she had been with the Goodriches.

On the evening of the third day old Mrs. Dill appeared and established herself in Hannah Dill's lodgings, having borrowed the money for her journey, and expecting her daughter-in-law to return it forthwith. She brought her youngest girl with her, and said she would be very handy for taking care of the children.

Hannah Dill was at that time so restless with expectation, that she was even less able than usual to cope with these encroaching spirits. Everything seemed to depend on her husband's first letter. Was he penitent? was he hardened? How would he write, and what should she reply?

It is probable that she would have succumbed, and perhaps have even agreed to receive Uziah's drunken old father, but for a blow that she was not prepared for, and that hurt her more sorely than all that had gone before.

Jacob Dill wrote, for he said he was ashamed to show her his face. He was the only one of the Dills that had a spark of spirit or good feeling. It was better she should know it, he wrote. Uzziiah had written, had written the first day that he was allowed. Of course he had not heard, when he did it, of his wife's having got the money. "You see, Hannah, they are only allowed to write to their wives, or their families if they have no wife. He told the governor he had a wife; and I am sorry to let it out to you, for I know you'll be hurt, but he wrote to *her*. Why, she was with him at his trial, and called Mrs. Dill and all; and he told her how he wanted to hear on her, and asked if her baby were born, and she were to write back as though she was his wife. It was not at all sure as he should be long at Dartmoor; he might get sent over the sea. And, oh! would she write off directly? It was a shame, but he never mentioned you at all.

What people have been taught how to do, they should be able to do. Hannah Dill ran away again.

Old Mrs. Dill had, now she had come to London, two ambitions. She wanted to see the Crystal Palace, and also to see Smithfield.

She accomplished the last while her daughter-in-law, cold as a stone after this blow, sat shivering in silence by the fire. She accomplished the second a few days after, and took her daughter. When the poor wife heard the door shut after her, and knew that she would be away for hours, she lifted up her face, that was full of moody and brooding thought, asked the landlady to watch her children, and went out. She came back in a cab, with three large boxes; and, some hours after, then left the house again, with those same boxes and her children, and a hearty hug from the landlady, whose claims she more than satisfied.

When old Mrs. Dill came back, she found, instead of her daughter-in-law, certain articles of clothing laid out for her acceptance—a brown paper parcel, containing money enough to take her and her daughter home, and a letter, setting forth that her daughter-in-law had left London for good, and she would hear from her and see her no more.

CHAPTER IV.

GREAT schemes may be reasoned out, and great sacrifices already made in thought. While leaning her face on her hand, a heart-sick woman sits brooding, with her feet on the fender.

Uzziiah's Dill's wife had tried hard to forgive him, and, while at peace in present freedom, had persuaded herself that she need not tremble, thinking of the day that would bring her into his presence and under his dominion again.

Uzziiah Dill's wife now gave him up for good and all. She suffered in so doing from no sense of wrong, any more than of unkindness towards him. Clearly he did not want her, and he had sinned against her in that one only way which made her, by all law, divine and human, free to depart and be loosed from him forever.

But then she wanted to save her children, not only from the disadvantage and disgrace of knowing that they had a convict for their father, but from that acquaintance with wickedness, evil living, and shame that they could not escape if she went into court so soon as he was free, and laid all her wrongs open in order to obtain a divorce.

How could she save these that were her all—these, so much dearer to her than herself—the costly and consoling fruit of her great mistake? For their sake, in spite of the sorrow and fear it had wrought her, she always found it impossible to wish the past undone.

If she was, indeed, never to retrieve the mistake, could she not still so act as to take all its weight upon herself? She longed, as true love must, to shield her children from the cruel robbery of affection that she had proved—from exposure to contaminating examples, from want and blame.

To this end, she effaced herself utterly, and left her name behind her. When she was again seen by one who knew her, she showed herself that she might learn how to deprive the vicious father of his children, to secure which she was willing to rob herself of them also.

At first, restless and wretched, she could not mature her plan, but journeyed from one little seaside place to another, never calling herself by her husband's name, but using any other, indifferently, that came into her head.

Mr. Bartlett, during those three or four months, heard frequently from Hannah Dill, and forwarded money to her as she required it. Before he got rid of the whining old mother-in-law, and the helpless young girl, he had wished many times that he had never taught her to run away.

And then there was a drunken father-in-law, who tormented him for more money, and said it was on his conscience that Hannah ought to be advertised for, and made

to come back to her own husband's relations, that were so willing to look after her and the children.

Mr. Bartlett said they might advertise if they liked, and make her come back if they could. He added, in such a convincing way, that he did not care what they did, that in the end they believed him, and gave him up, as the "wrong-headedest" and "hard-heartedest" gentleman they had ever met with. They then departed.

At last, but not for some time after this, Mrs. Dill appeared one morning at Mr. Bartlett's office, sent up a note, and was straightway admitted to an interview.

It was evident that she had gone through great trouble; her eyes were hollow, and her features thin. Her children had both been ill, she told him, but she acknowledged nothing else afflictive, and after a few commonplaces of condolence from him, she broke in with—

"I came to ask your opinion, sir, about some things I don't fairly understand."

"Well, Mrs. Dill, I am at your service."

"I wish, sir, to know how people came first by their surnames. I have made out, by a book of history, that we did not all ways have such."

"Certainly not."

"People took them, I fare to think, mainly for convenience."

"Quite true."

He then went over familiar ground with her—described how some names grew out of the trades of those first called by them, others came from the father's Christian name, others, again, from localities.

"But you do not need that I should tell you this," he broke off to say; "you have studied the subject, I find."

"Yes, sir," she answered. "Then what they took for convenience, I should say they may change for convenience."

"They very commonly do—for the sake of some property, for instance, left on that condition."

"I know it, sir. Well, it would hurt my conscience to live in a lie. If I call myself by another name than poor Dill's, do I lie? Mayn't I take a name for myself, as my fore-ancestors did?"

"That depends, I should say, partly on the motive. If you meant, by such an act, to prevent your husband from claiming you and his children when he gets free, and also to keep from him, if you can, the money that you have inherited, and to which he will have a clear right—"

Mrs. Dill's silence appeared to show that she did so intend.

"It would be every way wrong," he

presently added. "It would deprive him of his wife, while, being unable to prove your death, he could not marry again."

"No, but that would be no worse for him than for me. I could never marry again, either."

"You propose to interfere with your husband's clear legal rights."

"Sir, sir!" she interrupted. "Of course a man must be expected to take the man's side. I don't resent that; so it is, and always will be, just as sure as that a woman will take against a woman. But if he has behaved to me so bad and so base, that no laws—not God's, nor even man's—would give me back to him—"

"Mrs. Dill, you must tell me something more."

Mrs. Dill did tell more. For the first and last time she unfolded her many wrongs, and told all. This was not a common case, and the husband had not cared to conceal either his unfaithfulness or his cruelty. She ended, with many heart-sick tears, "I never will live with him again. He may claim me, but he shall never get me. Rather than that, I'll spend every shilling of my money to get free." ("Your money!" thought Mr. Bartlett.) "I must and will save his children and mine. And that's why I want to have another name, sir; and you, having treated me almost as if I was a friend—"

"You want a friend's opinion?"

"I want to know, first, if I can be punished for doing it."

"Why, my good woman, of course not, *unless you are found out.*"

"And would you tell me, as a friend, am I living in a lie? Is it a moral wrong to take a new name?"

"I answer, as a friend, decidedly not. But it is a great risk; for your husband will be able to get your money, though it will prevent him from getting you."

"Yes, I've been to Mr. Gordon, and he said so."

"The money is, in fact, now lying in my hands. The executor did wish to sell the property, and it is to be reinvested."

"You will not let me have even half of it?"

"No, because you cannot give me a receipt that would not still leave me liable to have your husband come upon me. Mr. Gordon cannot give it to you either."

"No, sir. Mr. Gordon was saying, though, that the money might be invested in a way not generally allowed—laid out, I mean, in stocking a shop."

Mr. Bartlett here looked steadily into Hannah Dill's clear, honest eyes. "I

half expected this," he thought. "Well, Mrs. Dill?"

"He said, if I could keep a shop —"

"Yes, if you could keep a shop."

"But I said I was afraid; and if I lost the money, Dill would be so angry."

"It was to be kept under your own — I mean your husband's name."

"I never mentioned to him about going by another."

"Humph!"

"He said my husband could not object nor come on you or him afterwards, even if any money was lost; on the other hand, I might make money by trade, and that surely would not belong to Dill?"

"What did you answer?"

"I did not take to the notion, and I was thinking about changing my name."

"Oh, that was all. Well, now, as regards Mr. Gordon's remarks, you tell him from me that he had better look out."

"But I did say that I was afraid to keep a shop."

"No matter; tell him I say he had better look out. But as to changing your name, I believe I should change mine under like circumstances."

"Oh, thank you, sir, for saying it; now, indeed, I fare to see it cannot be wrong."

"But you must remember, Mrs. —"

He paused half an instant, wondering what name she would take.

"Sir, my name is Snaith," she exclaimed. So quick to take the advice she had longed for, so afraid some one should enter and hear her old name.

A clerk at that instant did enter.

"But you must remember, Mrs. Snaith," he repeated, slowly and steadily; then paused to receive and return a message, and when his clerk had shut the door, went on, "You must remember, Mrs. Snaith, that you have many years yet of freedom before your husband can come and take the income."

"But I have to hide all from his children, and I want to begin from the first."

"Then begin by taking leave of me."

"Sir, sir, I mean to do it, though you have been the best and kindest friend I have had for a long time."

He then explained to her how she could receive her income at a distance from the place where she lived.

She went away, and the next afternoon Mr. Gordon desired to speak with him.

("Oh, my prophetic soul!") "Well, show him up," said Mr. Bartlett.

Mr. Gordon explained that he had come about Mrs. Dill's affairs.

"Where is Mrs. Dill?"

"She is gone back to the seaside, sir, with fifty pounds in her pocket as I drew for her."

"You seem to have had some conversation with her, Mr. Gordon."

"Well, I have, sir. But Goodrich's niece is that soft and that straightforward, that she's hardly to be trusted with her own interests."

Mr. Bartlett repeated to the executor that he had better "look out."

The other replied that he had looked out, he had been looking out for some time; and as to the matter of the reinvestment, he had a great wish to spend a portion of the money in buying the good-will of a business that he had heard of, and in the stock of a man about to retire — "a friend of mine, at Bristol," he began — "a very honest man."

"At Bristol?"

"Ay, sir. A long way off, but a very honest man."

"Hannah Dill has no wish to keep a shop."

"She have altered her mind, sir. She have taken into consideration that I, being an old friend and fellow-townsmen of Goodrich's, and, as I have said to her, I know he would wish it —"

"Now, what might you mean in this case by an honest man?"

"Well, I might have said to an old friend, 'Jem Gravison, I am in a fix with poor Goodrich's niece that have married a convict, and have been ill used by him in a shameful way. Poor Goodrich, I might have said, 'have made me his executor, to take care of his money, and he left word that it might be laid out in buying the stock and the good-will of a business, shoe-trade preferred.' I might have said, 'Jem Gravison, have you such to sell?' and being a right-down honest man, he might have made answer, 'Old boy, I have not.'"

At this unexpected conclusion of the sentence, Mr. Bartlett looked up, surprised.

"But yet, you see, it's a fine thing to carry out the blessed laws of the land, and the provisions of poor Goodrich's will; and when me and him had corresponded together, he might have said, 'It's true I did mean to sell, as witness my advertisement in the paper;' and if as well as that he had said — which he may have done — that if he sold to a worse than widow for more than orphans he would take no advantage — me knowing that well enough before — I should call him an honest man."

"And you really mean to tell me," said Mr. Bartlett, with a stolid face, "that you

think this man's shop and trade and stock will be a good investment?"

"I do, sir. And I mean to have everything properly gone into—the books, the vally of the goods, bad debts, and what not."

"You had better take a little time to consider this."

"Yes, sir; and I shall want it done in the most legal way. Nothing like fencing yourself round with the law, sir. The will says a part of the property. It never specifies what part."

"No."

"It may be anything short of the whole, then."

Mr. Bartlett, being a little out of temper, answered shortly that it might.

His client took some days to consider, some more to decide how to act, but in the end the stock in trade, shop, and good-will of a certain shoe-trade, lately the property of James Gravison, were duly bought and paid for by the executor of the late H. Goodrich, on behalf of his niece and her husband, the said niece to keep the shop.

Mr. Bartlett did not much like the affair, he therefore took the more care to conduct it with all legal formality; and when all was arranged, it seemed to him to be rather a suspicious circumstance that the executor had left that precise portion of property in his hands which paid what must be called hush-money to the Goodrich family, and which, as Mr. Bartlett remarked, would of course be claimed by the convict husband when he came forth, the wife's resolution not binding him at all to dispose of it thus.

"I have not mentioned that to Goodrich's niece yet, sir," said Mr. Gordon.

Mr. Bartlett said nothing; he had noticed the peculiar emphasis on the word *yet*.

Mr. Gordon informed him, with a certain open cheerfulness of manner, that he had caused Hannah Dill's name to be painted up on the shop; he also pulled out a Bristol paper, wherein Hannah Dill advertised herself as having bought the stock of the late Thomas Gravison, of his brother James Gravison, of the United States of America, and Hannah Dill hoped, by unremitting attention to business, to merit the patronage of the public.

"That advertisement goes into unnecessary details," said Mr. Bartlett. "Did Mrs. Dill indite it?"

"Well, no, sir; she have not that turn for business that I could wish. At present she do not intend to serve in the shop herself, the children being still so sadly."

So saying, Mr. Gordon gravely folded up the paper and put it in his pocket.

In the mean time Mrs. Snaith, as she must now be called, quite unaware of the various manœuvres being carried out for her benefit, Mrs. Snaith went back to her children with fifty pounds in her pocket, besides the money she had obtained by the sale of all her best and handsomest clothes. She bought for the two little ones some very handsome frocks, ribbons, and toys, spent two or three days in picking every mark from their clothes and her own, then packed all up in boxes, with the name of Mrs. Snaith on them, and departed, not leaving even at her lodgings any address, or account of what she might be going to do.

The children were too young to imperil the success of her scheme; neither could talk. They did not know their own names, nor where they had come from.

In a short time the convict husband's day came for writing again. He knew now, through his brother, of his wife's good fortune, therefore, of course, his letter this time was to her.

It had been such an astonishing piece of news that it had wrought in him a certain change. He had a profound contempt for his wife mainly on account of the love which had induced her to throw herself away upon *him*. He believed he had only to flatter her to have back her heart.

He wanted her to believe that he was a reformed character. His letter, therefore, besides being affectionate in language, was full of cant, such cant as is commonly learned in a prison. He meant, when he had a chance, to show what a changed character he was; he even gave her religious and moral advice, as one already in such matters her superior. Then, after lamenting that this money had not come in time to prevent him from throwing himself away, he proceeded to assure his wife that he would make her a happy woman yet, and with unparalleled impudence he continued, that he knew it was hard on her to be away from him so long, but that she was not the woman, he knew, to go out of the paths of virtue, and she must take care of the money, and keep herself respectable for his sake.

Uzziah Dill sent this letter through his brother, as he had done the first. He hoped to write to each of the women once a year, and to keep it secret from both that this was the case. So, not knowing his wife's address, he trusted to his brother, directing to him and asking him to read

the letter before sending it on, that his dear parents might know how he was.

Jacob Dill saw the game his brother was trying to play, and felt what a bad fellow he was; but he justified what Hannah Dill had said. He took the man's side, being swayed also by the desire to pacify and conciliate the woman who had brought money into the Dill family.

Jacob Dill sent the letter to Mr. Gordon, asking him to let Hannah have it. Mr. Gordon, who exhibited great fearlessness in acting for others, returned it, informing him that he did not know where Mrs. Dill was, and that they need not trouble themselves to send any more letters to him, as she had means of drawing money without letting him know where she lived.

This was very bad news for the Dills. That Mr. Gordon could not send on the letter was possible, that he would not was evident. In fact, so bad was the news considered, that the drunken old father was sobered by it for the time being, and shaking his head over this "dispensation of providence," actually went to work at his trade again.

Mr. Gordon did not inform them that he had copied the letter; he did, however, muttering to himself as he folded it and put it in his desk, "For Goodrich's niece is that soft, that she may relent towards the convict after all. This'll help to keep her straight towards doing what's right by her uncle."

CHAPTER V.

It was now the middle of July; the inhabitants of a beautiful little seaside place in the south-west of England were cleaning their windows, hanging up their fresh white curtains, and putting out placards of the lodgings they had to let.

There was a smell of paint and tar about; the pleasure-boats had just been put into first-rate order, and run up on the beach in a tempting phalanx, while the sentimental or patriotic names on their little pennons hung almost unmoved in the sunny air. The landladies grumbled, as they always did every year, said "how short their season was, and that the visitors were long of coming."

The prettiest little terrace boasted as yet of but one lodger, and she, her landlady said, was but a servant—a nurse with some children. "However, continued the good woman, "those that sent her must have sent good money with her, for she pays like her betters, I will say. But she keeps herself mighty close, and has

no notion of being asked any questions." This she said to her next-door neighbor, as the two stood to gossip on their respective door-steps. "And so particular about the children's eating! She's almost worse than a lady at that."

In about a week matters mended. The neighbor let her drawing-room floor, several families appeared on the beach, flower-girls began to pervade it, a band played in the evening, and more bathing-machines were pushed down. Soon there were many groups of children dotted about in cheerful proximity to one another, some with nurses, some with mothers, and they all pleased themselves with the same time-honored toys, buckets, and wooden spades.

A very respectable-looking and plainly-dressed nurse was sitting one morning on the beach a little apart from any of these groups. She was at work, just beyond high-water mark, and two lovely little children were playing beside her. One, scarcely a year old, seated on the nurse's gown, was complacently patting the shingle with a wooden spade; the other had a small cart, and had attained to such a degree of intelligence as enabled her to fill it with shells and seaweed, and drag it on a little way, when it generally turned over, and the same operation had to be performed again.

These children were fair, of very refined appearance; rather delicate, with pure complexions, deep-blue eyes, and black lashes.

Some ladies who lodged next door had several times noticed them and their nurse. They evidently had no one else with them. She always kept them delicately clean in their dress. In the morning they wore flapping white sun-bonnets, but in the evening, after their early tea, she used to dress them up in brodered frocks, and take them forth upon the little parade, in all their infantine bravery of pink or blue sashes and ostrich-feathers.

"That woman looks as proud of the children as if they were her own," observed one of the ladies; "their parents may well trust her with them."

"And how very plainly and neatly she dresses," replied the other. "I wish any one of our servants was like her. A clean print gown in the morning, a neat coburg in the evening. The children's dress looks twice as handsome, hers being so unpretending. I wonder whose children they are."

The nurse, Mrs. Snaith, not at all aware of the notice and approval she had at-

tracted, seated herself the following morning nearly in her previous place, while, in a profound calm, the tide was softly coming up.

She looked almost happy, for she was beginning to feel safe, and accustomed to her new name. Her position as nurse to the children had been taken for granted the moment she appeared; she had already overheard remarks made on their lovely and refined appearance, and her own evident respectability.

This pleased her. She liked also to observe the beauty of the shore, and went on leisurely working, and watching the water and the two graceful little creatures beside her.

No air stirred but such as was set in motion by the slight action of the oncoming wave; and presently, in the perfect calm of the morning, a sea mist began to rise, and as she looked the somewhat distant bathing-machines were already in it.

Presently she herself was in it, and all the fishing craft hanging about in the harbor looked as faint as grey ghosts; but each boat, being clearly reflected in the water, seemed to stand up an unnatural height, it was hard to distinguish from its image. The mist did not reach very high; all above was blue and full of light. She put down her work to look, and, half unconsciously, to listen. A crier was pacing up and down the little terrace behind her, with his bell. "Oh yes! oh yes! a bracelet was lost on the beach—a gold bracelet in the form of a snake." The nurse turned, and, as a flat, neutral-tinted outline, could just discern the figure of the crier, as he passed out of hearing. "Oh yes! oh yes!" she heard him begin again, and then his voice became faint in the distance, and gave way to other sounds. There was a strange kind of creaking and a flapping over the water, but nothing could be seen; the fishing-boats were quite invisible.

It interested her inquiring mind to notice now how all outlines were melting away into the mist. What could that creaking be? There was nothing to make it. Why, yes, there was! An enormous high pole, all aslant, was pushing on right towards her, and two vast sheets hung aloft behind it. Why, this was a ship. She could see the two gaunt masts now, and the ropes, some hanging slack, and the mainsail flapping and coming down. Sailors were swarming about up there, and now the beachmen came running on to meet the vessel.

The tide was almost at the height, and

this must be the coal-brig that had been expected, coming up to be beached.

The tall bowsprit appeared to be nearly hanging over her, before the beachmen got up to the brig's bows; and then there was shouting and splashing in the shingle, and she rose and moved backward with the children, for the almost formless wave was washing up close to her feet.

"Oh yes! oh yes!" repeated the crier, now become audible again. "Oh yes! a gold bracelet was lost—a bracelet in the form of a snake, with pearls for eyes. Whoever would bring the same to the hotel on the east cliff, should receive two guineas reward."

She sat down higher up on the shingle, and hearkened as the crier's message waxed loud, and then faint again; and she watched how the heavy rope from the brig was made fast to a clumsy wooden windlass, and how, with stamping and chanting, the beachmen began to turn this round. All was new and fresh to her, and the mist, which generally turns with the tide, had already fallen back a little, dropping behind the nearest fishing-vessels, and giving them and their shadows back to the sunshine before she tired of gazing; and chancing to look round, noticed on her right, and almost close at hand, one of the ladies next door, who, seated also, was smiling on the elder child and trying to attract her.

"She is not shy, ma'am," said Mrs. Snaith; "she will come to you. Shake hands with the lady, missy."

Steps were now heard behind, crashing through the shingle.

"Mrs. Snaith," cried a young girl, "mother says she can get no milk this morning; and what is she to make instead of the pudding, for your little ladies?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the nurse, "no milk? And so fanciful as the dears are! You must tell your mother to boil them each an egg, and to mind they are as fresh as fresh."

"They are delicate?" asked the lady.

"Yes, ma'am, bless them; very delicate."

In the mean time, the elder child had broken loose from the stranger's caresses.

"Pretty dears!" said the lady. "What is their name?"

"That one's name is Amabel."

"Oh, I meant their surname."

A sudden bound at the nurse's heart; for an instant a pause. Then, recovering herself, "Missy, missy!" she cried, starting up, "don't go too near the edge; you'll wet your precious feet. Now, to think of

that question coming so soon, and me not ready for it!" she muttered; and she hastened along the shingle with the younger child in her arms; and, setting her down, took up the elder, who, by various acts of infantile rebellion, did what she could to continue the fascinating play of slopping the water with a long banner of dulse.

In the mean time the little one filled both her hands with what she could find, and the two were shortly carried up by Mrs. Snaith, one under each arm.

"I must take them in at once, ma'am," she remarked, as she hastily passed the lady. "Missy is so wet."

Her face was flushed, and when she got to a safe distance from her questioner, she sat down to take a short rest.

The mist had almost melted away. How grand the brig looked! She thought she had never seen anything more beautiful than the shape of her bows, with reflections of the receding water wavering all over them.

Something nearer than the wave was sparkling. The baby had something fast in her dimpled fist, and was recklessly striking the stones with it, uttering little cries of pleasure when she saw it flash as she knocked it about.

A costly toy! The gold bracelet, the snake with pearls for eyes!

That same evening, when Mrs. Snaith had put her two little nurslings to bed, she left them in charge of her landlady's daughter, and, dressed in her neatest and plainest habiliments, set forth to find the hotel on the east cliff, and return the bracelet to its owner.

There was never seen a better embodiment of all that a servant ought to be (from the mistress's point of view), than she appeared on that occasion. She was very desirous to have certain things taken for granted, that she might be asked no questions. "Are these your children?" would have been an awkward inquiry. She had made it a very unlikely one. She was so unassuming, so quiet, so respectable in her manner, so unfashionable and economical in her attire, that the position in which she stood toward them had appeared to be evident to every one; but during the whole of this evening walk, even to the moment when she found herself sitting in the hall of the hotel, while a waiter went up-stairs to announce her errand, she kept revolving in her mind the question of the morning, and wishing she could decide on a name for the children.

For, as has before been said, this woman in somewhat humble life, and used to common fashions, had thoughts not common, not humble. She had indulged a high ambition. A form of self-sacrifice that most mothers would shrink from as intolerable, had fully shaped itself in her mind, and become a fixed intention. She had deliberately planned to wait on her own children as their nurse, as such to bring them up, and never let them know that they were hers.

For the next eleven years at least she could bring them up in comfort, and educate them well; after that, she had every hope that their wretched father would not be able to find her. But, lest such should be the case, she meant to give them a name different from her own, almost at once; to begin to earn money, so that before there was a chance of a ticket of leave for her husband, she could put them to a good school, and having found a guardian for them, leave money enough in his hands to last till they were of an age to go out themselves as governesses. Having made this arrangement, she intended to leave them, deliberately deciding to hear of them and to see them no more.

She would then, indeed, have lost her children. If she were unhappy enough to be found by their wretched father, she would tell him so.

With her mind full of all this, she sat in the hall of the hotel, and her only half-attentive eyes rested on some boxes, with a name painted on them—

"Captain de Berenger, Madras, N. I."

The owner was evidently on his way to the East, and the name of the ship he was to sail in was painted on them also.

Presently a lady and gentleman came down, and began to excuse themselves for having kept her waiting, on the ground that they were in a hurry—just off.

They seemed to be a newly married couple, and while the lady expressed her pleasure at getting the bracelet back, the gentleman was evidently fumbling in his purse for the reward.

"It seemed so hard to lose it," said the lady, clasping the trinket on slowly, as if to give her husband time. "I had quite given it up, for we are off almost directly by the express for Southampton. We cannot wait.—Tom!"

Tom was still not ready. "What did we say?" he whispered. "Two, or three?"

"Sir," cried Mrs. Snaith, now perceiving the state of affairs, "indeed I could not think of such a thing."

From Fraser's Magazine.

ON THE ESCAPE OF PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON FROM THE FORTRESS OF HAM.

BY JOSEPH ORSI.

MY INTERVIEW WITH H.R.H. THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 3, 1845.

ON the 9th day of August, 1840, a royal decree was issued, convening the Chamber of Peers to sit as a court of justice to try Prince Louis Napoleon and his associates for landing at Boulogne an armed force with a view of upsetting the existing government.

The sentence passed on me was five years' imprisonment in the fortress of Doullens, for having commanded the steamer (the "City of Edinburgh") and carried arms and men against a government on friendly terms with England.

At the expiration of five years I was set at liberty, with the option of my submission either to perpetual banishment from the French territory, or to a compulsory residence in a French town designated by the minister of the interior.

As I could be of no use to the prince so long as I was under the surveillance of the French authorities, I informed the minister of my intention to return to England, and applied for a passport, which was delivered to me at once.

The prince was aware of my movements, and no sooner was my presence in London known to him, than he wrote me about his intention of making an escape from Ham, at any price, and at all risks and hazards he might be personally exposed to; as he had been formally and most peremptorily refused leave by the king to go and see his dying father at Florence, despite the repeated applications made by a large number of deputies and peers to King Louis Philippe to that effect.

The prince had been offered secretly many plans to effect his escape. Not one of them seemed practicable to him; and fearing that the suggestions emanated from the authorities, to sound his real intentions, he openly eschewed and condemned all idea of making his escape from the fortress.

The prince was keeping, all this time, a secret correspondence with me, through his faithful *valet de chambre*, Charles Thélin, who was allowed to go to Ham to buy whatever the prince required. At last, having made up his mind to follow the plan he had adopted to recover his liberty, the prince urgently requested me to find some one willing to advance him five or

six thousand pounds on the most tempting terms.

In his anxiety to be free, he sent me letters of introduction to several of his former friends in London, with a view of obtaining the necessary funds. Not one responded to his application. Twelve months of unceasing exertions had nearly exhausted and discouraged me. One day, among the different personages I had the opportunity of applying to, I happened to call on an M.P., formerly a bosom friend of the prince, who plainly told me that if he could ever be induced to lay out 6,000*l.* on account of the prince, it would be on the distinct understanding that the money should serve to keep him a prisoner for life. This sudden burst of *charitable* feeling on the part of this gentleman was not likely to be quietly acquiesced in by me, in the agitated state of mind I was in. I said that although he had the unquestionable right to decline making any advance to the prince, I contested the propriety of adding to his refusal a remark of such bad taste, the more so as his well-known professed observance of the Sabbath and the strict open fulfilment of his religious duties had led me to suppose that he would have been inspired with more Christian feelings towards his old friend the prince.

It was the evening of that very day (the 1st day of December, 1845) that in my utter despair I determined to write to H.R.H. the Duke of Brunswick for an audience. The next day the duke wrote as follows:—

Le Duc Souverain de Brunswick recevra monsieur Orsi demain (3 décembre) à 4 heures de l'après-midi.

Brunswick House, ce 2 décembre 1845.

The outward appearance of Brunswick House is far from being attractive, and from the heavy, gloomy aspect of the exterior building, one would fancy it more fit for a prison, than for the residence of a gentleman.

The duke had made it still more unsightly. From the entrance-gate to the house, which stood in the middle of a large courtyard, nothing struck your eyes that was cheerful or comfortable. Everything was stiff, dull, and as silent as a graveyard. Two large dogs chained to the wall were the vigilant guardians of the place. Twice had I to show the letter of audience before I could get in. I was at last ushered into a dark, cold room, having a round table in the centre and four chairs, two of which were armchairs, by the fireside. A single candle was lit on the table, the walls were

bare, and no vestige of comfort could be seen, as I expected.

Twenty minutes had already elapsed, when I saw a slight movement in a thick curtain hanging over the side door of the room. All of a sudden the head of a man covered with a huge black plush hood, which concealed all but the nose, peeped in through the curtains. The hood formed part of a long gown, also of black plush, which was fastened to the waist by a thick silk cord. It was the Duke of Brunswick. His hands were plunged in the two side pockets of his *robe de chambre*, grasping a revolver in each one of them, as I learned from himself a few days after my first interview.

The duke came right to the table which stood between us as a sort of barrier. His eyes were flashing through the narrow opening of his hood, as if he imagined I was planning to commit a murder. We looked at each other for a few seconds, which seemed to me to be a long time: at last he broke out, —

"You asked for an audience; what is it you want?"

"Your Highness will, I hope, allow me to say that the object for which I came here to-day is such as to require some little time, and I shall consider it a favor if you will let me explain it while your Highness is seated."

By a movement of his hand, he pointed to an armchair by the fireside. The duke sat opposite to me.

"I entreat your Highness to make some allowance for the agitated state of my mind, from the delicate and difficult mission entrusted to me; and if what I am going to say is unpalatable to you, I crave most earnestly your pardon for having so intruded upon your Highness. Remembering with pleasure the friendly relations which existed between your Highness and Prince Louis Napoleon, during his stay in this country, and acting under the impression that political interests of the greatest magnitude might find a favorable issue in the combined efforts of your Highness and himself, the prince, now a prisoner at Ham, has requested me to make an appeal to your Highness's generosity, for a loan he requires to effect his escape from the prison."

Scarcely had I uttered the last words, than the duke, pulling back his hood with both his hands by a frantic movement, showed his denuded head, and with a sort of indescribable yell, exclaimed, —

"What! A loan? Did I understand you right? Say it again, say it again!"

This sudden burst of fury did not take me by surprise — I was fully prepared to stand it unmoved; I remained silent a few seconds.

The duke looked at me without uttering a word.

"It is quite natural that your Highness should feel surprised at an application which is one of no ordinary character, but no one better than yourself could see at a glance the political interests at stake, in refusing or complying with the request of the prince for the loan of 6,000*l*."

The duke rose as pale as a ghost, and stretched his arm to lay hold of the bell-rope. Before he could ring, I rose and said, —

"For God's sake, please your Highness, listen to me. I have much to say that can alter your mind. I implore you to hear me for a few seconds."

The duke flung the bell-rope against the wall, and in a stout, stern voice, said, —

"I do not know which I have to admire the most — my own patience or your unheard-of impudence. A loan of 6,000*l*. to Prince Napoleon! Indeed! How likely that I should agree to it! *Your* prince seems to be unaware that I am a staunch republican — I am the friend of Cavaignac, of Marrast, and of all the chief leaders of that party — I am the largest shareholder in the *National*, which I supply with all the money it requires. Backed by the republican principles, I will and shall wage war against all monarchical powers, and Germany in particular. Your prince's advent to France means nothing, if it does not mean royalty or empire. I will not betray my new friends. I refuse the prince the 6,000*l*. you ask in his name."

This declaration of republican principles on the part of the Duke of Brunswick took me aback. I did not expect that: I had never heard of his being now mixed up with the "*National*" party. I saw at once that my task was more difficult than I had anticipated.

One may be more or less successful in appealing to the feelings of a man on behalf of another, or in causing a political man to abdicate his former opinions, either by dint of argument or by the tempting vision of his private interests; but what are the chances of success in trying to bring back to his former faith a convert to principles, the antipodes of those which are the very essence of his *raison d'être*, and this convert to be the Duke of Brunswick — a member of the most aristocratic dynasty in Europe? However, it flashed through my mind that, as some great in-

centive had worked upon the duke to open his arms to the republican party, a still greater inducement offered to him might possibly bring him back to the ideas he had imbibed from his infancy.

"How far your Highness will benefit by an alliance with the republicans is a matter which has been assuredly taken into serious consideration by you. But you will allow me to remark that the conflict of interests certain to arise between your principles and those of your new allies will not make it a desirable compact, and a split will soon take place, as is always the case in every political alliance resting on one-sided hopes and expectations.

"Your alliance with the republicans, unnatural though it is, offers them at any rate a tangible benefit, the only one they require from you — money.

"In the supposition of their cause being triumphant, they will, the day after their victory, persecute you and fail in all their engagements. The present leaders of the republican party are gentlemen of position and education. I know them personally; but they have the people behind, to whom they are and must be subservient, and to whom they have held out promises which must be kept, whether they like it or not. But what is your gain in all this? Your Highness's object, if I understand you right, is to extend your influence in Germany. It is not France that you may hope to govern. Your alliance with the republicans can only have in view a general revolution, enabling you through the turmoil to foment a general rise in Germany. This too your Highness will find to be a complete fallacy. The German republicans are more solidly republican than the French, and they will prove as much, if not more adverse to any monarchical chief than the French. You will disappear in the vortex of a great catastrophe, and you will not even elicit the interest generally felt for those who sacrifice their all for the promotion of noble and patriotic views."

The duke rose quickly, and said: "You have my answer to the application of the prince. I beg you will convey it to him. I feel deeply for his position, but I see no reason for me to alter my decision."

I saw it was all over. There was a moment of dead silence on both sides. We were face to face for a few seconds. At last I took my hat and walked to the door, which I opened and held by the knob.

"I hope your Highness will forgive my intruding upon you as I have done. In giving me the mission of appealing to you

for the means of recovering his liberty, Prince Louis Napoleon meant something more than putting himself under any pecuniary obligation towards you as a friend. His views were broader, and, under existing circumstances, were more conducive to the political welfare of both. In accepting this mission, and on your granting me this audience, for which I shall ever be grateful, I felt sure of having at last met with the only man capable, by his lofty position, to understand the advantages to be derived by linking his future political prospects to those of the man whose popularity was then at the highest point. I had imagined that your Highness was aware of the true state of public opinion in France as regards the name of Napoleon. Had I been allowed to converse freely with your Highness, I would have brought home to you the irresistible conviction that the prisoner of Ham was destined to mark the milestone at which the old world will finish and the new will begin. I own that my disappointment is extreme. May your Royal Highness not think me too presumptuous in predicting that in less than two years you will regret the refusal made to the demand of the prince."

I bowed and was retiring, when the duke said, "*Restez, je vous prie*. I never believed in prophecies, and still less do I believe in the one referring to the prisoner of Ham. In fact, I have as great a reluctance in believing in prophecies as I have in doing anything of importance on any day bearing in its number the figure 7. Had you asked me for an audience on the 7th, or the 17th, or the 27th, I would have taken no notice of it. However, your prophesying to me the future advent to power of the prince in such glowing colors has awakened my curiosity. I should like to see whether your prophecy will turn out true. Mind, I make no engagement by speaking thus; but as you seem to know the state of public opinion in France better than I do, I may be induced to do something for the prince if you can show me in a tangible and comprehensive way that the advent of the prince to the supreme power in France is simply a *question of time*."

It took me one hour and a half to lay before the duke the real state of French politics. He never interrupted me. At last he got up, and after walking across the room, backwards and forwards, for some time, like a man who awakes from a dream, he said, "Write to the prince that I put 6,000*l.* at his disposal on the following terms:

"1. That the prince shall accept three

bills for 2,000*l.* each, payable in five years at five per cent.

"2. That 800*l.* out of the 6,000*l.* shall be taken by him in shares of the *National* and at par.

"3. That an offensive and defensive alliance shall be entered into between him and me, by which the prince, in the event of his coming to be elected king, president, or emperor, will engage to assist me in my views on Germany, I undertaking to do the same on his behalf in the event of my advent to power in Germany before he succeeds in France.

"4. That you shall start immediately for Ham with my private secretary, Mr. George Thomas Smith, in order to ascertain the state of affairs and carry out the programme in its entirety."

I agreed, in the name of the prince, to the terms proposed by his Highness. Two days afterwards I started for Paris, where I met Mr. Smith, who had left London the day before.

I had great difficulties to overcome before I could obtain the permission to see the prince. Having been a prisoner myself for five years, I was suspected in high quarters. After fifteen days of solicitation, I received the necessary leave to see the prince with Mr. Smith; but as no one was allowed to see the prince except in the presence of the governor, I was obliged to make it appear that Mr. Smith was the purchaser of valuable pictures belonging to the prince. The interview referred only to this transaction. The bills (three in number) to be accepted by the prince were given to him while we were shaking hands. They were returned to me, with the treaty written on satin, in the afternoon, on taking leave of the prince.

On parting from him he handed me a small box and a letter, of which the following is a copy, both addressed to my wife:

Ham: 1854.

My dear Madame Orsi,—I intrust your husband with a gift which I hope will be gladly accepted by you, as it will recall to your mind the great service Orsi has rendered to me during my captivity; and I know too well from your devotedness to me how happy you feel at anything that can soothe my position.

Believe, dear Madame Orsi, in my sincerest friendship.

NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.

Mr. Smith and I arrived in London two days after, and the money having been paid to Messrs. Baring Brothers to the account of the prince, the transaction was completed.

THE ESCAPE.

FROM the day the prince received the information that the sum of 6,000*l.* had been paid to his account at Messrs. Baring Brothers, there was a lull in our mutual correspondence, lest it should give a clue, however slight, to what was being planned at Ham.

Although it was a remarkable feature of the times to see French people brought to honor the memory of the great Napoleon in the person of his nephew, still it was more illustrative of the sympathy the prince had inspired, to see that even from Central America he was receiving marks of the deepest admiration for his noble qualities and the great fortitude with which he bore his misfortune. The probable contingency of the prince recovering his liberty in consequence of the so much-talked-of amnesty, had led the people beyond the Atlantic to hope that he would, when free, emigrate to their more hospitable shores, to avoid future persecution on the part of his enemies.

The prince, while fully aware of the difficulties he would have to overcome to be allowed to go near his dying father, was hesitating as regards his resolve to go so far away to pass the rest of his life. He hinted that if ever he made up his mind to cross the Atlantic, it would be only for the purpose of devoting all his time and energy to the accomplishment of great public works, as, for instance, the construction of a canal connecting the two oceans. Following this idea, the prince gave instructions to a French engineer to study this gigantic operation, with reference to the possibility of utilizing the great lakes which are near the Isthmus for the construction of the canal.

In 1844 M. Castellán was sent by the States of Guatemala, San Salvador, and Honduras, as minister plenipotentiary to King Louis Philippe, with a view of claiming for the canal the protection of the French government, in exchange for large commercial advantages in favor of France. This application having met with a refusal, M. Castellán received leave to visit the prince at Ham, with whom he had a long interview, which ended in M. Castellán offering to put the prince at the head of the undertaking on the basis agreed upon. M. Castellán was much struck with the perfect knowledge the prince had of the colossal work; and being impressed with the importance Central America would have on some future day, he requested the prince to write a book (which the prince

did some time afterwards) showing the possibility of constructing the canal at no great outlay, by making the two lakes, De Leon and De Nicaragua, available for the purpose. On hearing of the projected scheme, and of what was going on between the prince and the representative of their country, the inhabitants of those States applied to their respective governments for leave to intrust the prince with the conduct of this great work.

In consequence of this decision, M. Castellan wrote the prince the following letter:—

Leon de Nicaragua:
December 6, 1845.

Prince L.,—I received with the greatest pleasure your favor of the 12th of August, conveying to me the expression of your friendship and esteem, for which I feel highly honored. You have embodied in it the development of your ideas respecting the canal of Nicaragua, which seem to me to be most suitably directed towards the attainment of the prosperity of Central America. You inform me at the same time of your more favorable disposition to come to this country, to give by your presence and your co-operation a great impulse to the execution of this large undertaking, which would suffice to satisfy the greatest ambition, and of your readiness to accept the direction of it, without aiming at anything else but the accomplishment of a task worthy the great name you bear.

Before going farther into the subject, so interesting to my country, allow me to say that nothing can give a more noble and benevolent idea of the disposition of your heart, than the flattering way your Highness has thought fit to allude to my slender merits.

When I came to France as minister plenipotentiary, and before my departure for Europe, I felt exceedingly desirous of paying you a visit at Ham. I longed to see you, not only on account of the popularity of your name in the world, but also because I had been able to judge for myself of the high esteem in which you were held in your native land, from your noble character, and from the great sympathy elicited in your behalf by your misfortunes.

I admire, prince, your resignation, and your love for that France wherein you are a prisoner; but I felt a secret joy in seeing how vividly your mind became exalted at the picture of the immense work, so eagerly taken up by my country, and likely to promote so largely the progress of civilization.

Both your intentions conveyed to me and the memos contained in your letter have excited here very great enthusiasm, joined with the deepest gratitude.

I am happy to inform your Highness that the government of this State, fully convinced that the only means to provide for the capital necessary for the undertaking is to put it under the patronage of a name like yours, independent by fortune and social standing, and which,

while it inspires the confidence of both the worlds, divests it of all fear of foreign domination—this government, I repeat, has resolved to fix the choice upon your Highness as the only person capable of answering the required conditions.

Brought up in a republic, your Highness has shown by your noble behavior in Switzerland in 1828 to what degree a free people may rely on your abnegation, and we feel assured that if the great Napoleon has rendered himself immortal by his victories, your Highness may acquire in our country a like glory by peaceful works which cause no tears to be shed except those of gratefulness.

From the day you set your foot on our soil will a new era of prosperity begin for its people.

What we ask of your Highness is not unworthy of your solicitude, for in 1830 King William of Holland had accepted a similar proposal.

If we are not in a position to empower you at once to commence operations, it is owing to the recess of the Legislature, to which we are bound to apply for the examination of the treaty executed by me last year with Count de Hompesch, the chairman of the Belgian Colonization Company. This treaty having been less favorably entertained than we expected, it is more than probable that the government will be authorized to apply to you, and by so doing will act in accordance with the national wishes.

The government seems determined to give me the necessary instructions enabling me to come to an understanding with your Highness respecting this object.

The recent popular commotions of this country have also caused delay, but as the insurgents are in a great minority, and the government is supported by public opinion, I think that the revolution will soon be at an end, and that the restoration of order will enable us to set at work as promptly as possible. Besides, the government is convinced that the construction of the canal will call for the employment of those out of work, and will be the means of pacifying and bringing welfare to this country and people, tried by the horrors of civil war for such a long time.

As much excited by the impatience of seeing a work commence to which I mean to devote all my time and energy, as I am by the wish of seeing your Highness rule the destinies of my country, I long for the moment when I shall be able to see you at Ham, were it only for a few hours, and in the hopeful expectation of being present at your deliverance, for which I constantly offer to God my most heartfelt prayers,

I beg your Highness to accept, etc., etc.

CASTELLAN.

A few months after this communication, the Prince of Montenegro, minister for foreign affairs, forwarded to Prince Louis Napoleon the necessary powers to form a

company in Europe, and informed him that the government by decree of January 8, 1846, had resolved that the canal connecting the two oceans was to be called the "Canal Napoleon de Nicaragua." M. Marcoleta, *chargé d'affaires* of the republic in Belgium and Holland, went to Ham with instructions to sign a definitive treaty with the prince. Presently we shall see how it happened that the projected scheme was not carried into effect by the prince.

A new phase in the captivity of the prince sprang up suddenly by the news he received from Florence, respecting the health of his father, the ex-king of Holland, who resided in Florence under the name of Comte de St. Leu. A complete invalid in a foreign land, the father of the prince was much distressed at the thought of being alone and separated from his son, upon whom were centred all the feelings of his soul. The prince, whose affection and sense of duty towards his father were extreme, felt acutely the pangs of his situation, and regardless of any further consideration, made up his mind to carry out his resolves.

In the month of August 1845 the Comte de St. Leu laid a request before the French government, that his son should be set at liberty. To that effect he sent M. Poggioli, an intimate and devoted friend of his, to Paris, with letters for Messrs. Decazes, Molé, and Montalivet, entreating these gentlemen to persuade M. Duchatel (then minister of the interior) to comply with his request. M. Poggioli having failed in his mission, immediately informed the prince of the result of his application. In this emergency the prince wrote to the minister of the interior, and declared that should the French government grant him the favor of going to Florence to see his dying father, he would pledge his word of honor to come back and to put himself at the disposal of the government on his being summoned to do so.

The minister, after reading the letter of the prince, promised to lay the matter before the council of ministers, and requested M. Poggioli to call for the answer on the day appointed.

"Tell the prince," said the minister, "that I have laid his request before the council of ministers, who consider it is not in their power to comply with it, as no pardon can be granted that does not emanate directly from the royal prerogative." Under these circumstances the prince resolved to write directly to the king, and on the 14th of January he accomplished by

this letter the greatest sacrifice which filial affection could exact from him.

January 14, 1846.

Sire, — It is with the deepest emotion that I address your Majesty, to ask the favor of being allowed to quit France, if it were only for a very short time.

For the last five years, the happiness of breathing the air of my own country has been for me a great compensation for the pangs of captivity, but the age and infirmities of my father imperatively require my filial care. He has made an appeal to those who are well known for their devotion to your Majesty, and I feel it my duty to join my exertions to theirs.

The Council of Ministers was of opinion that the subject is not within the limits of their decision. I therefore address your Majesty, fully sensible of the kindness of your feelings, and venture to lay my request before your generous consideration.

Your Majesty will appreciate, I hope, the step I take, which engages my gratitude; and moved by the loneliness of an exile, who when on the throne deserved the esteem of all Europe, your Majesty will be induced to comply with the prayer of my father and myself.

I beg your Majesty will accept the expression of my deep respect.

NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.

The king appeared to be pleased with this letter, and stated that he considered the guarantee offered by the prince to be sufficient; but the ministers maintained their refusal, by resolving that in order to leave to the king the full and spontaneous exercise of pardoning, pardon should be deserved and *frankly asked for*.

A few weeks after this communication the prince wrote me the following letter: —

Ham: March 2, 1846.

Dear Orsi, — Both your letters and papers duly to hand. I thank you very much for your zeal in executing my commissions.

Now I must tell you what is going on, that you may report it to our friend.*

We must acknowledge first and foremost that by nobody are you better served than by your own enemies. The fact is that, politically speaking, nothing could be more advantageous to me than what has taken place. No sooner was the refusal of M. Duchatel known to me, than I wrote to the most influential deputies. The consequence was, that the Chamber appeared sympathetically moved, and thirty-two members of the House, among whom were Dupont, De l'Eure, Arago, Marie, Abatucci, Odillon-Barrot, Lamartine, and Dupin, met in a bureau to read my letter, and resolved that Odillon-Barrot should be deputed to go to the king, who, while giving *de l'eau bénite de cour* disowned formally his own minister. Now I hope the matter will be taken

* The Duke of Brunswick.

up by the deputies, with whom, at any rate, I have been corresponding.

M. Thiers has also written to me a most amiable letter, in a political point of view, and I have every reason to be pleased, although my heart bleeds at not being able to go and see my father.

Tell Lord M. on my part that Lord Londonderry has promised to speak of me before the House of Lords, and that I should feel happy if he would second the motion.

I also should be very glad if you could find an opportunity of reverting to the shares,* and ask for the amount in cash on another document.

Good-bye, my dear Orsi. Many affectionate things to Madame Orsi, and rely always on my sincerest friendship.

N. L. B.

P.S. — Could you let me know in a most authentic manner what is the insurance of a merchantman going to Lima by the Cape Horn, and the insurance of a similar ship bound to Vera Cruz in the Gulf of Mexico? What I ask is not very urgent, but I should like to have the most correct information about it, in order to ascertain the difference with reference to the ships crossing the Isthmus of Panama, supposing a canal between the two oceans being constructed.

There was no other channel left to the prince but to apply to the Chamber of Deputies, through the most influential members of the deputation. Messrs. Dupont, Arago, Lamartine, Odillon-Barrot, and several others joined with the greatest zeal on behalf of the prince. M. Thiers himself offered his influence to further the views of the prince; but all this proved of no avail. No hope for the prince to recover his liberty, not one chance left save — the escape! This bold attempt was full of danger; there were many things to be dreaded in the event of its failing. Besides an increase in the severity of more stringent measures of precaution prescribed by the government, there was the idea of being ridiculed, which would assuredly have followed the failure of this most hazardous undertaking.

The man who had boldly faced the danger of being shot at Strasbourg and Boulogne was actually trembling at the thought of the endless insults and mockeries that would have awaited him if recaptured and brought back to prison. But his mind being made up to it, the following plan was concocted, as the most practical and safe in its execution.

The governor of the fortress of Ham was an honest and distinguished officer, whose sense of duty was very keen, and of

soldier-like strictness. His kindness to the prince was manifested on various occasions. Every evening he used to play whist with the prince, General Montholon, and Doctor Conneau, who were the prince's companions in his captivity; but it would have been useless for the prince to attempt drawing the governor into any dereliction of his duty.

The governor was watchful, and never entrusted to others the care of ascertaining twice a day that the prince was his prisoner. The first part of the prince's plan was to impress the governor with a false security regarding the idea of his escape; and to attain this object, he caused a great many letters to be addressed to himself (which the governor was ordered to read) conveying the contingency of an amnesty for all political prisoners to take place next June. These letters coming from Paris, where both public opinion and the press were unanimous in calling for it, produced the desired effect. The event of an amnesty was plausible, as new elections were to take place shortly after June, and the government seemed anxious to secure them in their favor by every possible device. The next part of the programme consisted in adopting a plan, simple in its conception and as much as possible easy to carry out in its details; but to understand how this could be effected, a description of the locality, and of other particulars relating to the regulations of the fortress are necessary.

The citadel of Ham forms a square, and on each of the four angles is erected a round tower. The towers are connected together by narrow ramparts. There is only one gate, on the north-east side, which is protected by a strongly-built square tower, made to correspond with a similar one on the north-west side. The ramparts on the south and east sides are surrounded by the canal St. Quantis. The river Somme is not very far from it. On both sides of the inner yard, there are two barracks built in bricks: at the farther end of one of them stands the prison, a sad-looking, damp, low building, having close at its back the outward ramparts which intercept both light and air. Such was the place where Prince Louis Napoleon was condemned to spend the rest of his life.

One of these ramparts became his whole world. There, in a little corner, he found sufficient ground for cultivating a few flowers of which he was very fond. There he could take his daily walks, thinking of his friends, and waiting for the delivery of his letters, which, although read by the gov-

* The prince alludes to the shares of the *National*.

error before being handed to him, afforded him an indescribable gratification.

The garrison of Ham was four hundred men strong. Sixty of them were always on duty at the citadel. There was besides a host of gaolers and warders, to whom the surveillance of the prince was more particularly entrusted. The room occupied by the prince during the first few days of his confinement was in a most deplorable state of repair. The ceilings were perforated, the paper falling in shreds, the flooring broken to pieces, the doors and windows so shaky as to let the draughts of air through them; but I must not omit to state, that owing to the many complaints and representations made to the minister, the governor was at last ordered to lay out six hundred francs in repairs and purchase of the few things considered indispensable for the health of the prince. The sum allowed for the daily expenses of the prince was seven francs: a mean provision certainly for the nephew of the great emperor, which shows by what feelings the government was actuated towards him.

The prince at this time, when arranging for his escape, had been five years a prisoner in the fortress of Ham. Thus, after the most mature consideration he made up his mind to adopt the simplest plan, which consisted in finding a pretext for introducing workmen into the prison, so that by finding an opportunity of dressing himself in the garb of one of them, he might in such disguise go out of the gate of the citadel. Just as the prince had decided to ask for some urgently required repairs in his room, the governor brought him the good news that he had received orders from Paris to have the staircase and corridors painted and repaired at once.

The governor had never allowed the strictest precautions of surveillance to relax. The guard on night duty was always doubled, and on the clock striking ten, the game of whist was invariably interrupted. The warders were constantly sitting at the bottom of the staircase: a precaution which the governor himself never failed to ascertain, before shutting the outer door and putting the key in his pocket. The prince was now watching every step, every movement, of the two warders. He remarked that on certain days of the week one of them was in the habit of going out to fetch the newspapers, thereby leaving his comrade alone for a quarter of an hour. It was most important for the success of the operation that this short space should be made available by drawing the attention of the warder to something else.

The prince had little or nothing to fear on the part of the sentinels, no escape being considered possible except by outside co-operation. The authorities had given strict orders to prevent people from approaching the fortress; all persons allowed to enter the citadel were carefully searched, but every one was let out without suspicion.

The following arrangements were made in consequence: Charles Thélín, the devoted *valet de chambre* of the prince, would ask for leave to go to St. Quentin for a cab. It was quite natural and usual that he should go out. The prince, in a workman's garb, would go out of the same gate and at the same time. This plan had the double advantage of giving Thélín the chance of drawing to himself personally the attention of the soldiers and warders, by playing with "Ham," the prince's favorite dog, so well known to the whole garrison; and moreover it gave Thélín the opportunity of preventing any one from going near the disguised workman as he crossed the large square to reach the gate. The repairs in the building had already been continued eight days, during which time the prince had been able to ascertain the nature of the surveillance to which the workmen were submitted. He had remarked that on their arriving in the prison they were searched one after the other, first by a sergeant on duty, and then by the warders. In the evening, on their leaving the place, they were searched again in the presence of the governor himself. The prince also remarked that a keen lookout was kept on every workman loitering about in some isolated part of the citadel, but that no attention was paid to those who, in a natural and easy way, were going in the direction of the gate to fetch tools or materials.

This proposed mode of effecting his escape was simple, but very bold. The prince made up his mind to carry it out at once. It was decided the attempt should be made in the morning, not only because the governor was never up early, but that besides the advantage of having to deal with one guard only, it had also the advantage of affording the prince the chance of catching the four o'clock train at the Belgian railway.

Everything was ready for the 23rd of May. Unfortunately, in one sense, the prince was visited on that very day by some friends whom he had known in England, and whom he had expected long before, but he had the clever idea of asking one of the visitors to lend his passport

to Thélín, which was readily complied with.

We shall presently see how useful this passport was for the success of the undertaking. Early on the morning of May 25, when everything was calm and silent within the citadel, the prince, Dr. Conneau, and Thélín were watching, from behind the curtains of the window, the arrival of the workmen. It was most unfortunate that the only private of the garrison whom they disliked should be on duty that morning at the very door of the prince's prison. This man was exceedingly watchful, and never failed questioning the workmen on what they heard or saw in the prison. Luckily, however, on that day a review of the troops took place, and the grenadier was obliged to join his battalion and to be replaced. The workmen arrived at last; they were all masons and painters, which was another source of disappointment, as the prince had made his arrangements to simulate a joiner; but there was no time to be lost.

The prince at once shaved his moustache, which produced a very marked change in his appearance.

He took a dagger with him and two letters, with which he never parted: one of his mother and the other of the emperor. Both these letters the prince always kept as a talisman.

The prince having dressed as usual, put over his waistcoat a thick linen shirt, then a blouse, not only clean but well shaped. Then a blue pair of trousers, worn out seemingly by working. Over the first blouse he put on another, but a very bad one, an old apron of blue material, and a black, long-haired wig with a greasy cap, which completed the disguise. Both his hands and face were soiled with paint.

The prince drank a cup of coffee, put on a pair of wooden shoes, took in his mouth a clay pipe, and with a shelf on his shoulders, kept himself ready to go out. At 7 o'clock in the morning Thélín called on all the workmen who were repairing the stairs to come and take the *coup du matin* (a glass of wine).

After desiring a servant to place wine and glasses on the table of the dining-room, Thélín rushed up-stairs to tell the prince the moment had arrived to start. Thélín came down-stairs again to meet the two warders, one of whom he drew a little farther in the corridor under pretence of having something important to say, and kept him with his back turned to the prince, who was coming down-stairs. The other warder, Dupuis, was still on the watch;

but owing to the book-shelf carried by the prince on his shoulder being thrust between him and Dupuis, the latter was obliged to make a rapid movement to avoid it, thereby preventing the face of the prince from being noticed by him.

The prince stepped through the door into the yard without being noticed; a workman was following him as if he wanted to speak to him; Thélín called him, and ordered him at once to go to the dining-room to do a job there. On the prince passing before the first sentinel he let his pipe fall from his mouth; the prince quietly removed the shelf from his shoulder, picked up the pipe, struck a light and lit his pipe again, whilst the soldier looked at him, and then continued his beat. Close to the door of the *cantine* he came near the officer, who was reading a letter; a little farther on a few privates were sitting on a wooden bench in the sun. The lodge-keeper was on the threshold of his lodge, but only looked at Thélín, who was following the prince with the dog held by a string. The sergeant whose duty it was to open and shut the gate turned quickly his looks to the supposed workman, but a movement the prince made with the large shelf compelled him to make a step backwards. He opened the gate! *The prince was free!* Thélín was following him very close.

Between the two drawbridges the prince met two workmen coming right upon him on the side of his face unprotected by the shelf. They looked at him very attentively as if they were surprised at not knowing him. The prince acting as a man who is tired of carrying a weight on the right shoulder, whirled it round on the left one, and just as he was in terror of being questioned, he heard one of them say, "Oh, it is Berthon!"

The attempt turned out to be a complete success.

The prince hastened to join Thélín on the main road leading to St. Quentin, where he was waiting with the cab he had hired the day before. As the prince was about flinging away the plank off his shoulder, he heard a cab coming from St. Quentin, which he let go by to avoid being remarked. He then jumped into the vehicle (an open one), shook the dust off his clothes, threw his wooden shoes into a ditch and darted away, himself taking the reins to look like a driver.

A few minutes had scarcely passed when they saw two gendarmes coming out of the village called St. Sulpice, but they rode in the direction of Peronne before they came

near the carriage. The five leagues which separated St. Quentin from Ham were rapidly accomplished. Every time they changed horse, Thélin hid his face as much as he possibly could in his handkerchief, pretending to cough or blow his nose; but notwithstanding his precaution, several persons knew him, and an old woman expressed her surprise at seeing him keeping company with a man so shabbily dressed.

Before entering St. Quentin the prince threw off his rough clothes, but kept on his wig, and on leaving the carriage followed the road which runs along the walls of the town leading to Cambrai, and waiting for Thélin, who had gone to M. Abrie's, the postmaster, to hire a chaise with two horses, in order, said he, to reach Cambrai in good time. He would leave there both cab and horse, which he would fetch on his way back. M. Abrie being absent, Madame Abrie did what was required with the greatest promptitude, and as she knew Thélin well, she made him accept a good slice of *paté*, which he promised to eat very soon. This turned out to be most acceptable to the prince, who made a good breakfast of it a little later. The prince had been some time on the main road waiting for the arrival of Thélin, who had been detained longer than was anticipated. In the prince's anxiety of having missed him, he asked a passer-by whether he had met a post chaise on his way. "No," said he, and on he went. It was the *procureur du roi* of St. Quentin!

At last the post-chaise came in sight, the joyful barking of the dog Ham, who was with Thélin, made the prince aware of its near approach. It was then nine o'clock P.M.

Supposing the prince's escape could be known in the citadel at that moment, it was impossible for the authorities to take the necessary steps in the disorder attending such an event, without affording the fugitives sufficient time to be out of their reach. The post-chaise entered Valenciennes at 2.45 P.M. "Your passport," asked the guard. Thélin exhibited the one which the Englishman had given to the prince at Ham. "All right!"

As there was no train for Brussels before four o'clock, the prince felt tempted to hire another post-chaise to reach the frontier, but gave up the idea, as he remembered it would look suspicious to travel in such an unusual way.

Both the prince and Thélin therefore waited as patiently as they could at the station, the eyes of Thélin being con-

stantly turned to the only side whence the gendarmes could come. "Ah! here is Thélin," said an old man in plain clothes. Thélin turned round, and to his great terror recognized a gendarme, who had given up the service to fill a situation in the *Chemin de Fer du Nord*. The man asked how the prince was, little dreaming he was so near him.

At last the train came in, and they took their seats.

The prince soon reached Brussels, Ostend, and England, and arrived in London on the Derby Day of 1846 (May 27). The prince immediately came to my house. I hardly knew him when he entered the room, so great was the change in his appearance by the shaving of his moustaches. Our first meeting was one of mutual joy, gratification, and thankfulness, at the happy result of the bold attempt, to which the prince warmly and gratefully insisted that I had mainly contributed.

It was from his own lips that I received the details of his most wonderful escape.

No sooner was the prince safe on the British soil than he wrote letters to Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, and the French ambassador.

To the latter (Le Comte de St. Aulaire) the prince wrote the following letter:—

London: May 28, 1846.

Sir, — I come frankly to declare to the man who was the friend of my mother, that in escaping from my prison I never intended to repeat against the French government the attempts that have proved so disastrous to myself. My only object was to see my old father again.

Before making up my mind to have recourse to the last extremity—flight—I exhausted every means of entreaty to be allowed to go to Florence, giving at the same time every possible guarantee compatible with my honor. All my solicitations having met with refusal, I have done what the Duc de Guise and the Duc de Nemours did under Henry the Fourth in similar circumstances.

I beg you will make known to the French government my peaceful intentions, and I hope that this declaration, utterly spontaneous, will have the effect of shortening the time of captivity of those of my friends who are still in prison.

N. L. BONAPARTE.

The narrative of the escape would remain incomplete if I did not relate what passed at Ham after the departure of the prince.

Dr. Conneau, whose devotedness to the prince had filled his whole life, had undertaken the difficult task of making it appear, as long as possible, that it had not taken place.

The very first thing he did was to shut the door of the bedroom, next to the sitting-room, where he had a great fire made, despite the heat of the day, alleging the indisposition of the prince. At eight o'clock A.M., breakfast being ready, the doctor ordered it to be laid in his own bedroom, the more so as General Montholon was also ill in bed. He added that the prince had been taking medicine, and to convince everybody that what he stated was true, he manufactured a mixture of coffee and roasted bread with addition of a quantity of nitric acid, which being boiled for a few minutes, filled the rooms with such a sick-room odor as to give the warders the conviction there was no mistake about it!

The governor soon came to inquire for the prince.

The doctor said that he was rather better, and was taking a little rest on the sofa in the sitting-room.

All went right until seven o'clock in the evening, when the governor came again, and on the doctor telling him the prince was better, the governor said, "As the prince is better I must see him; I must speak to him." The simulated form of a man had been adroitly arranged in the bed, having what seemed to be his head turned towards the wall. The doctor called the prince. No answer. Turning to the governor, he said, "The prince is fast asleep." The governor did not appear quite satisfied with this prolonged pantomime. "I will take a seat in the next room," said he, "till his sleep is over. By the bye, how is it that Thérin is not back yet? The diligence has arrived and Thérin not here. Strange, very strange! Let us see."

The doctor rushed into the room, and coming out again said, "No, no, he is still sleeping;" but the governor could stand this anxious suspense no longer. He entered the room, and pulling the bedclothes right off, discovered the trick!

"Good God!" said he, "the prince is gone!"

The reader will easily imagine his state of bewildered distraction.

In the course of the next day the order came to arrest the governor, the doctor, and all the warders. Doctor Conneau was handcuffed and sent to Peronne to be tried, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Charles Thérin was sentenced *by default* to six months' of the same penalty.

The first thing the prince did was to fulfil the sacred duty which had induced him to undertake such a daring adventure.

The illness of his father making rapid progress, the prince had no time to lose if he wished to bid his father a last farewell. He applied for a passport to the Austrian ambassador in London, who was at the same time the accredited representative of the grand duke of Tuscany. The passport was refused, on the plea that it was a matter concerning the French government. The grand duke of Tuscany was solicited by various members of the family to grant the request, but he answered that he could not tolerate the presence of the prince twenty-four hours in the duchy, owing to the French influence opposing it. The Belgian government was still harsher, as it inscribed the name of the prince among those who were condemned to extradition by the clauses of the treaties.

LONDON: March 8, 1879.

THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MAD ATTEMPT ON THE PART OF A POSSESSED YOUNG ENGLISHMAN TO REPEAT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY A HAPPY EXPEDIENT OF THE OLD GAEL.

NOTHING had come of that miserable meeting between Frank Tempest and Unah Macdonald, though the rain had ceased to fall and permitted the incident to take place. After all, the stars in their courses did not fight against Sisera; they only shone to make the night light for the whole world—for the hosts of the Canaanites as well as for Deborah and Barak leading the faithful among the tribes of Israel. When Mrs. Macdonald did not overtake Unah, she hurried home in a tumult of agitation to learn, with a certain bitterness and an odd scorn, both of herself and others, that all was going on as usual in her kingdom. She felt bound to resume once more her wavering allegiance to her husband's wishes and Donald Drumchatt's rights. If she had anything to atone for she made a fresh plunge into the austere fervor of her religious exercises.

The time drew nearer and nearer to the day fixed for Unah's marriage. Frank Tempest, while he had not really given in, and would not withdraw his claim or quit the country, found every extravagant

scheme which his brain in a whirl could concoct, prove futile. He saw himself condemned for his sins to roam aimlessly like a lost spirit over the mountains and moors of his paradise, forsaken in the dreariness of the waning autumn, when strangers generally were hastening to evacuate their Highland quarters. Something of lingering generosity caused him to spare Unah, and not to force himself a second time into her presence, and press her, on the ground of the tenderness which she had been tempted to own for him that day on Ben Voil, which was his great claim on her, with arguments that might break her heart, but would not cause her to yield.

Mrs. Macdonald took care that he should not intercept her again.

The minister had always struck Frank in the light of a hopeless partisan. And he looked as if he possessed his soul in greater quietness and confidence than ever since the doubts which were so difficult to rouse had been set at rest, and he was restored to the charity that thinketh no evil.

Poor Frank Tempest had no inclination to throw himself on the charity which he traduced—calling it canny worldliness, having an unhappy conviction that all violence would only shock and outrage the minister, who would stand as firmly as a rock beaten upon by the waves, and be as coldly, if mildly, superior to the frantic accusations of a wretched, barked lover. There was nobody left for Frank to do battle with save Donald Drumchatt, and Frank had the desperation to repair once and again on a fool's errand to the house where he had been hospitably entertained. But Donald, when he was at home, took the most extraordinary step on a Highlander's part—he ordered that the door should remain closed in the visitor's face; he denied himself to the persistent invader of his privacy and his wedding bustle.

The truth was that the time for hostile encounters between gentlemen was at an end, even if a meeting of that nature between Donald Drumchatt and Frank Tempest had not been simply preposterous. It was not because of Donald's inferiority physically; he would have been the last man to avail himself of such a refuge; indeed, the valiant spirit might have supplied what was lacking in the body, and the old *miri cath* might have come upon him and transformed his weakness into the strength of ten men. But Donald's wrath had cooled down in the assurance that the young Englishman's presumption had gone no farther than to make him covet and strive to obtain for himself the heart which

was already the property of another—a conclusion which was not altogether disagreeable to the vanity of the Highlander. As a matter of fact, Donald could have condescended to forgive, pity, patronize "that unlucky Tempest," if he would but have been reasonable and suffered the winner to be magnanimous. However, as Tempest was understood to be absolutely crazed about Unah, and was not expected to recover his senses till marriage, like death, had put an end to his forlorn hope, an awkward encounter in the mean time, which might, in addition, do the mischief of compromising Unah, was to be religiously avoided. Donald was not a fool in his conceit; he had the sense to temper his defiance with discretion; he was, also, unmistakably the conqueror, and could afford to be calm and prudent.

Thus Frank Tempest was thrown back on himself. It was true that among the departures from the neighborhood the Moydarts had not figured, any more than the Hopkineses. The two families happened to stay longer than usual in the north this eventful autumn. But Frank Tempest hardly ever went near Castle Moydart this month. He resisted resentfully all indirect hints that the season was past, that no more sport worth speaking of could be had, that it was high time all save the natives of the country should waste no more days in unprofitable idleness before they took flight to the civilization, the fertility and the temperate climate of the south, from the uncouthness, the desolation, and the rigorous cold of a northern winter. It was altogether in vain that the earl as well as Lady Jean began to get alarmed, and that there was no delightful shiver of anticipation in his alarm, as he was driven to suspect that Tempest's valuable lesson in calf love was not turning out very well, and that the heir of the Wiltshire property might make a regular ass of himself about so insignificant a person as a Highland minister's daughter.

It was the first heavy cross that Frank Tempest had been called to endure, in the course of a highly prosperous career—the very unclouded sunshine of which had tended to blind him to his own comparative insignificance and helplessness in the great tale of the universe. In any case the crisis would have been difficult and dangerous for a lad who was distinctly exceptional in strength of will and indomitableness of spirit.

Yet he was not naturally irreverent, or without the conception that his destiny was, as it were, by sufferance, like that of

every other human being; was out of his own control; that behind, above, and beyond all man's brief and small doings, and in spite of such advantages as he might start with in life, there was a power which would re-shape his fortunes, rough hew them as he would — an awful Will, whether that of an all-seeing, all-loving Father, or a blind, unsympathetic force, against which it was utterly hopeless to dream of contending. Frank recognized that he was bound to submit like a man, and not fight like an irrational creature, where Providence was in question. But that which got the better of him was what he took to be the petty machinery, the mean motives that were about to defeat him ere the battle of life was well begun, in a contest which he did not prove wrong in regarding as its crowning struggle for him.

He could associate what was divine with the grand features and qualities of nature around him, with the high and hoary heads of Ben Voil and the Tuaidh or the hoarse roar of the Fearn in flood. He was not revolted by the powers of nature directed against man, as when the mist had overtaken him and Unah Macdonald at Loch-bu Farm. They were the instruments of God to work his purpose. With regard to shepherds perishing on the heights, or fishers drowned in the floods, or belated travellers who were simply met by the darkness and who fell over the first precipice, he would not have objected to the phrase, "died by the visitation of God."

But Frank Tempest could not distinguish any dealing of God's in what he considered the low expediency, and the shabby mercenariness which gave Unah to her disqualified cousin because he chanced to be the laird of Drumchatt and she the minister's daughter. The English lad in the egotism of his years dwelt upon his cross and magnified its proportions, until it was fast robbing his mind of its balance. He let his thoughts wander to all the wild stories — by the suggestive scenery of which he remained surrounded — that had over-fed and stimulated his imagination, till the latter faculty obscured his judgment. Were the strong, fierce men who took the law into their own hands, redressed their wrongs, and hewed their way to their just ends, worse — less honest and brave, more cruel and cowardly — than the men and women who basely paltered with the truth, made false compromises, and sold their own flesh and blood for a reward? Was the manly resource of these earlier sufferers denied to their successors, who had the straightforwardness and cour-

age to claim it? Was this what men called civilization? Was it not rather the time-serving truckling to those in authority of a generation of shopkeepers? Would not every nobler spirit make allowance for the man who was true enough to himself and to the woman he loved, about to be sacrificed before his eyes, to renew the old rough vindication of the right?

The wedding was so close at hand that the "purpose of marriage" was about to be proclaimed in the bride's father's kirk. Frank Tempest went to hear the proclamation, and he was so far gone in incipient madness as not to trouble to change his soiled and frayed shooting-suit for a dress more in keeping with the day and the place.

When it came to that, while he was perfectly, terribly in earnest, he was so young that he might still take a gloomy satisfaction in his neglected dress. He showed the most haggard young face within the sacred walls, thus making a spectacle of himself which the congregation could not help remarking and speculating upon. He was grievously changed since he appeared on the scene, the blithe, overgrown school-boy, in the middle of his good breeding and his manliness, whom Unah had hailed and prevented from trying to leap across the Clerk's Pool in the Fearn.

He had half determined to attempt what he had no earthly title to do, object to the proclamation and forbid the bans.

But something in the sound of the name that was so dear to him, spoken in the absence of its bearer in the holy place which was so holy to her, palsied his tongue and prevented the vain outrage.

He was not conquered, he was only driven more irresistibly on his course. Although he had no friends to counsel him, he could count on allies as reckless as himself, whom former kindness on his part and a sort of *vendetta* sentiment with regard to his rival on theirs, together with the men's ignorance and the idle, demoralizing life they led, furnished ready made to his hand.

He took his resolution and cast the last scruples of sense and conscience to the winds. He grew eager and busy in counter-machinations which had the event of Unah's wedding-day in view. He dressed afresh in a manner befitting the comeliness of his young manhood. He even went to the Highland barber in the village of Ford and caused the man of shears and razor to cut his, Frank's, hair according to his directions. He stuck a sprig of late-blossoming heather in his button-hole, and went about his business "rantingly and

wantonly," laughing and humming songs like one really *fey* or doomed. But he did not repeat the words or the airs of Unah's tragic ballads, he chose songs which were purely descriptive of the scenery around him, and that were indeed written by Lowland poets.

Will you go, lassie, go
To the braes o' Balquidder,
Where the blaeberries grow
'Mong the bonnie blooming heather?

Bonnie lassie, will you go,
Will you go, will you go:
Bonnie lassie, will you go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The wedding-guests were arriving both at the manse and Drumchatt. It so happened that neither bride nor bridegroom had many relations, but in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald there were cousins more or less removed on both sides. There were such of Donald's old trustees as wished to do honor alike to their former charge and their fellow-trustee by gracing the marriage with their presence. There were the best man and one or more bride's-maids to be called together, and Mrs. Macdonald was not to be prevented by any fear and trembling with regard to poor Frank Tempest from decreeing that there should be a wedding breakfast attended by all the gentry in the neighborhood. Unah's wedding morning dawned at last; she woke in her own room in the manse to think that she was another creature from the girl who had so often lain down and risen there in tranquillity and light-heartedness, and the world around her was as altered as that girl was.

It was yet early, but she set herself to dress quickly, for she was aware that when the whole house was astir, and above all when certain merry young cousins appointed as her attendants for the day were moving about, there would be no more rest or retirement for her.

As she dressed, her eyes fell on the wedding-gown, which was laid out in its beauty and perfection ready for her wearing later. It was of white silk, almost the first silk gown Unah had ever possessed, and even in the heaviness of her heart she could not help regarding it with innocent admiration. At one time it had seemed odd to her, and she had laughed at the idea that she should be got up in such splendor to be married

to Don, whom she had played with in pinafores, and who had seen her clad in her shabbiest, worst-treated frocks. It seemed such a simple matter then that she should marry Don, and go over with him to Drumchatt. It did not appear to warrant a gathering of people, fine clothes, and that trial even to Jenny Reach's philosophy — a wedding breakfast. But the act had ceased to be either simple or natural, and Unah now looked gravely, and with a certain sense of fitness, at the shining and spotless folds of the silk gown, the wreath of orange-blossom, and the veil. Some involuntary fragmentary association with a victim decked out for sacrifice was in her mind, and she reflected, not without regret, that Donald's morning coat would be very sober and ordinary in comparison, and felt a half-wish that the old picturesque dress of his countrymen had been retained, or that he could have put on such a scarlet coat as Montrose chose for his execution, declaring that he was going to meet death as a bridegroom to meet his bride.

According to old Scotch "freits" (superstitious sayings which are proverbs), it is not lucky, or even altogether decorous, for a bride to show herself to more than her own family on her marriage morning. She must sit apart and be waited upon as a personage too seriously engaged, and too important to be treated like a common mortal. Above all, she is not to see or be seen by the bridegroom till she is led to his side by her nearest male relation, in the presence of the "mass John" who is to tie the knot.

But brides in Unah's frame of mind, who, however dutiful and resigned, are forced to regard their marriage as the offering up of themselves on the altar of duty, are not apt to pay heed to "freits" or to dread omens. What can fortune bring to them — they feel vaguely, if they do not allow themselves to say it — worse than she has already brought? And Unah had not only the conviction that she would be safer from observation and from the company of the irrepressible cousins if she stole out into the pass in the interval before breakfast, she had likewise a great longing to see again the places which were no longer hers.

The early fine weather of the autumn had given way to a season of storms, with those sudden great down-pours from the clouds which belong peculiarly to mountainous regions. The Fearn had been in flood repeatedly lately. The minister's fears had been amply fulfilled, not only where his dahlias, but where his last

French marigolds and china asters were concerned, with the manse garden converted more than once into a reach of the encroaching river. The nearest landmarks had been blotted out by a dark grey drizzle, which hid the world as effectually and in a more prosaic fashion than when it was sheeted in white mist; the last was as if the mountains were veiled in their death-shroud, the first as if they had drawn around them, sulkily and savagely, an ugly frieze mantle.

But on the showery wedding morning was seen one of the most singular and striking effects of mountain scenery. The clouds had not descended low on the hills, but remained above Ben Voil itself, to be occasionally rent asunder, disclosing in the rifts the blue sky, over which, ever and anon, the clouds closed ruefully as before, bidding hope begone ere they began to weep big tears afresh. Yet over the mountains there was only a thin, semi-transparent haze, through which their forms, plainly visible, loomed more gigantic than in a clear atmosphere, even when the rain came down in torrents. The impression given was as if the hills were so many smouldering volcanoes sending up the smoke of subterranean furnaces to the expectant heavens. When the sun's rays burst through the breaks in the clouds the light brought out in richest, softest olives, browns, greys, and purples, the moss, the lichened rocks, and the fading heather, on which the brightness happened to be concentrated. The next moment all was that dim darkness, without effacing any object, of which the ancient Hebrew prophet wrote in his metaphor.

There were elements of awe and terror in the landscape, as when the mist had made Ben Voil like the Mount of Transfiguration. Now he was another Sinai, at the moment no man dared approach the mountain, and the unconscious beast which drew near it was stoned or thrust through with a dart. Almost one might think to hear God's trumpet-blast piercing the shrinking ear, and waxing "exceeding loud" in the morning stillness.

When Unah in her usual walking-dress passed unnoticed through the porch into the garden, she stood arrested and impressed by the strange scene which met her gaze.

It is the common experience to find nature absolutely without sympathy for our joys and sorrows; and so we rally gaily the storm-cloud which is so rude and will

not pass away, when all is clear and sweet in our lives, or we make our moan because of the gentle air and the sunshine that only breathe balm and diffuse brightness, when our spirits are tempest-tossed, and our hearts breaking.

But the strangeness which Unah had found in herself and her immediate surroundings this morning she beheld reflected tenfold in the great outer world, when she went abroad to see once more the dear familiar places which must from this day lose their perfect familiarity, though they had been bound up with every incident in her history hitherto.

Unah hardly knew this marvellously transformed world, yet she tried to realize it as her old world when she looked up at Ben Voil and the Tuaidh. Though they were only thinly veiled, they seemed hiding their faces from her. Were they half withdrawn in stern irresponsiveness, or were they sorry that they, the everlasting guardians of the pass, had failed her and abandoned her to her fate? She would not again make a morning practice of converting Ben Voil into her weather-glass, or an evening habit of watching for Hesperus to glitter on the brow of the Tuaidh. Neither Ben Voil nor the Tuaidh were visible from Drumchatt in the centre of the rolling moorland, the recollection of whose sombre monotony came depressingly over Unah's mind at this moment.

She sought out the Fearn, conspicuous in its swollen state. Its natural rich umber brown was converted into a clay color, and covered with scum and foam-bells till it resembled the "wan water" of a border ballad. It had furnished her cradle song; it would not again sing her to sleep with a murmur which was so full of syren sweetness, though it had always in the background a pitiless refrain of the tribute due to it, as to any inhuman fairy queen — the tale of corpses that must be reckoned to the river every summer and winter without fail.

Unah had enough sense of Scotch propriety to keep out of sight as far as possible of peering caillach or staring village child, while she entered the mouth of the pass, which, in the mystery of its present envelopment, was like the jaws of Hades. But the very dreamlike unnaturalness of nature this morning combined with the other attraction to lure her on. She seemed entering into the spirit of the landscape under its present aspect, when she walked on as in a vision of the night.

There were many spots where she and

"the boys" had played as children—the tree under which she and Don had built their houses—the echo to which the whole young band had never wearied of appealing, catching replies which came back in a softened version of their own riotous challenges. Unah walked a little farther. There was the tree-stump on which she had sat and read "Dred" on a certain cloudless summer afternoon. She had pitied the poor young American heroine who had died of the nineteenth-century pestilence in her lover's arms when the time for their marriage was drawing nigh. Unah could scarcely have conceived any story more piteous, and yet, on her own wedding morning, she was tempted to envy the bride who had died so young and so blest. But the day with its sharpest pang would soon be over, and life would resume its course—deprived of its spring perhaps, invested with a conscious heaviness and weariness, while she herself was still a very young woman—looking not older than she was, as she ought to have looked, but inconsistently young as had always been her foolish way—still it would be a good life, and therefore it must be quite bearable.

There were no fishers on the river to-day, like him she had seen and called to, in order to keep him from harm down there among the alders by the water's edge; she had not been able to save him from what he held a sorer hurt on another day.

There were not many yards between the scene of her first meeting and of her last parting with Frank Tempest, though she had been too agitated to take note of the coincidence at the time. Yes, there was the Drumchatt road joining the pass, just above the green glade beneath Craig Cotach, looming through the dim haze, where dinner was laid out when the Moydarts had their Kettle of Fish the day after the games. Would the picnic be given next year as usual? Unah and Don might be there in the character of old married people instead of young lovers. But no gay Frank Tempest would follow on their steps and crave wistfully to be admitted into their company.

Unah put her hand over her eyes with a quick motion that kept time to a sudden sinking of her heart. A gleam of the fitful sun's rays had shot through the moist, laden atmosphere. The effect was as if to rend the film here and there, to drive together the gossamer till it took the more solid shape of a white mist wreath. The light was on the Drumchatt road, and

showed that it was high time Unah should return to the manse if she would escape the penalty of encountering her bridegroom long before the hour fixed for the marriage ceremony.

Donald on his pony was riding over, as it had been arranged, to the family breakfast—from which Unah, if she were scrupulous, might absent herself to eat her morning meal like Queen Elizabeth with her maidens. The old Drumchatt carriage was left to bring his guests in a more formal fashion before the time fixed for the ceremony. The only departure from the programme was that Donald was not accompanied by his best man, who should have escorted him, as Unah ought to have been attended by her maidens.

She did not linger more than a moment, delayed by an impulse to render herself certain that it was Donald and no other who was approaching, before she would have turned to make her escape; but in that moment an incident occurred which riveted her to her post of observation. A pedestrian appeared as unexpectedly as the rider, emerging from the shadow of the craig, and stepping briskly forward to meet the horseman, where the narrow road made an abrupt ascent, with steep wood-fringed banks on each side. Unah, in her ignorance and bewilderment, had a terror-stricken intuition of approaching calamity, while she stood as if turned to stone and saw it all come to pass. The tall, athletic figure of Frank Tempest, followed by two other figures which remained hovering in the background like Red Indians, swung across the road and barred Donald Drumchatt's way, causing him to pull up his horse in amazement.

There was a parley; the young Englishman was demanding the hearing which had been denied to him, and the Highlander, no longer behind closed doors, but brought face to face with the petitioner, and incensed by the unheard-of interruption to his pressing errand, gave a disdainful and final refusal to the appeal. Then Frank Tempest caught at the bridle of the pony as Donald Drumchatt sought to pass his opponent on the narrow road, causing the animal to fall back on its haunches. Frank still kept his hold on the bridle, while Donald spurred on the pony. But the rider had to sustain the attack of more assailants, for the two men in the jackets and kilts of ghillies who had kept behind till now, made a rush out and joined in stopping the pony.

Donald, furious at the outrage commit-

ted on his own ground and on his wedding morning, was still unable to free the pony, and fearing that it might be forced over one of the banks, leapt off, and leaving the pony in the hands of the enemy, defied them as gallantly as his stoutest ancestor might have done to prevent his advance on foot.

But Donald's was not the only blow that was at the boiling point. Frank Tempest was mad with imaginary wrongs and an equally imaginary call to renew a crusade in which every man was to fight, like the Gow Chrom, for his own hand, and so to stamp out guile with violence. Yet Frank did not mean murder, and he must have had some reluctance to encounter so unequal a combatant, and some mercy, unsuspected by himself, for Donald Drumchatt's slim figure and scant breath. For although Frank had been taught the noble art of self-defence with other arts at his university, and could strike out in his gloves with strength, skill, and swiftness, it was no terrible blow which he delivered to fell his adversary. It might have been a mere piece of horseplay, part of a bad practical joke. It was little better than a rough push to ward off a blow directed against himself, and to admonish Donald Drumchatt that he must submit to circumstances, and relinquish his design of fighting his way single-handed to accomplish his marriage in the teeth of his rival and his old hereditary foes, who stood there to laugh at the love, which was made for shopkeepers and women, and to resist the bridegroom's further progress. Was Drumchatt's forefather specially privileged that he should be the only man to revenge a mistress torn from him? Had he possessed a monopoly of wild justice? Did the pass retain its tragic name for nothing?

Alas! no; for before the slight stroke, dealt almost without a definite aim in the passion and confusion of the struggle, Donald Drumchatt went down as surely as if it had been bestowed by some ancient giant Conn or Fingal, whose heart was as relentless as his arm was mighty. And as the victim went down, he fell from the right bank, rolling over helplessly till stopped by the bushes, causing even his antagonists to pause and stand aghast at the extent of their success, and to hesitate before they followed it up.

The whole incident did not take above three or four minutes in the occurrence, and when the catastrophe came, breaking the spell which had bound her, Unah Macdonald darted forward, without a thought

of herself, from the spot where she had seen all, herself unseen, and was the first to reach her bridegroom, where he lay face downwards among the hazels. She broke in on the scene like an angel of pity, whose unlooked-for presence stunned Frank Tempest, while it was the beginning of his punishment that she did not waste word or look on him as she flew by.

"What have they done to you, Don?" she cried in grief, putting her arms round the prostrate man to turn his face towards her. "Are you hurt? Tell me, Don." And these weak arms were a more potent defence to him than if six of the strongest men of his clan had started from the brown bracken and stood ranged as his shield. His deadliest foe could not proceed in his purpose when the first act must have been to withdraw Donald Drumchatt by force from such a shelter.

He had received greater injuries than were visible in the scratches on his face and hands, for he groaned and breathed hard, and though his eyes were open they did not turn at once to Unah, while he made no effort to answer her questions.

Frank Tempest, spurning the attempts of his companions to restrain him, and regardless of the consequences, sprang down the bank to offer his assistance to Unah, as if he had not been the author of the disaster. "I am very sorry, Miss Macdonald," he said humbly; "let me help you."

"No, no; go away," she said. "How can you come near him?"

Her protest was not without reason, for as Donald recovered and rallied his forces with difficulty, his look took in at a glance Frank Tempest and Unah stooping together over him. All the florid color which had fled from his face returned for an instant in a deep flush. He set his teeth together and drew down his brows as he strove to master his sharp pain, and gasped for breath. There was a silent interval of a few doubtful seconds, which felt like an age to some of the persons engaged in the scene, during which the curtain of vapor rolled down again over the sunlight, and the strange dimming of the day, which was neither light nor darkness, once more prevailed over the landscape. At last Unah looked round, and said to Donald, with an accent of relief which was almost glad in its gratitude, "Here is your cousin coming, Don, and yonder is Malise Gow, sent to fetch me; they will be able to render you assistance."

At the same time one of the Macgregors followed Frank Tempest down the bank,

and pressed on him so effectual a remonstrance, that the leader of the enterprise which had collapsed in the moment of victory, was induced to withdraw with his subordinates before the approach of further witnesses.

Under the stimulus of Donald Drumchatt's cousin's astonishment and consternation at the situation in which he found the bridegroom, and Malise Gow's unrestrained lamentation, Donald himself, though his back was at the wall, succeeded in asserting his authority and issuing his directions. He had struggled into a sitting posture, with a face again livid and a fight for breath which still continued; but he could not only tell what he wished, he could insist on his wishes being carried into effect.

"John Macdonald" — he addressed his cousin without vouchsafing any explanation, and indeed he had neither strength nor wind to spare — "you will take Miss Macdonald back to the manse" — the mention of her name, which he made with stern impassiveness, was the first notice he had taken of the presence of the bride who had rushed to succor him — "and you will send the minister instantly to me. I shall return to Drumchatt, I am as near the one place as the other, and I wish to go home. I can do it if you will stop your clamor, Malise Gow, and employ yourself more usefully catching the pony, getting me into the saddle, and walking by me till we reach the stable."

Nobody disputed Donald's right to decide what was to be done in the misfortune which had befallen him, and nothing fitter as a resource suggested itself. His condition was not likely to be improved by his lying on the sodden bank till a doctor — a country doctor, who might be many a mile away — was summoned. The bridle path to Drumchatt did not admit of a carriage's being brought to carry away the bridegroom who had ridden forth blithely, as became his position. And, although it seemed hardly possible when he spoke the words that he could fulfil his part of the programme, it proved, when he was lifted up the bank and put on the pony, that he could keep his seat, though with what pangs he only knew. So Donald started, with his face turned back to Drumchatt, while Malise Gow, the more demonstrative of the two, was wiping the sweat drops from his brow as he trudged at the laird's elbow. And the bewildered best man did his kinsman's mission, conducting Unah, grown white and speechless as a ghost, back to the manse.

From The Nineteenth Century.

ON SENSATION AND THE UNITY OF STRUCTURE OF SENSIFEROUS ORGANS.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

THE maxim that metaphysical inquiries are barren of result, and that the serious occupation of the mind with them is a mere waste of time and labor, finds much favor in the eyes of the many persons who pride themselves on the possession of sound common sense; and we sometimes hear it enunciated by weighty authorities, as if its natural consequence, the suppression of such studies, had the force of a moral obligation.

In this case, however, as in some others, those who lay down the law seem to forget that a wise legislator will consider, not merely whether his proposed enactment is desirable, but whether obedience to it is possible. For, if the latter question is answered negatively, the former is surely hardly worth debate.

Here, in fact, lies the pith of the reply to those who would make metaphysics contraband of intellect. Whether it is desirable to place a prohibitory duty upon philosophical speculations or not, it is utterly impossible to prevent the importation of them into the mind. And it is not a little curious to observe that those who most loudly profess to abstain from such commodities are all the while unconscious consumers, on a great scale, of one or other of their multitudinous disguises or adulterations. With mouths full of the particular kind of heavily buttered toast which they affect, they inveigh against the eating of plain bread. In truth, the attempt to nourish the human intellect upon a diet which contains no metaphysics is about as hopeful as that of certain Eastern sages to nourish their bodies without destroying life. Everybody has heard the story of the pitiless microscopist, who ruined the peace of mind of one of these mild enthusiasts by showing him the animals moving in a drop of the water with which, in the innocence of his heart, he slaked his thirst; and the unsuspecting devotee of plain common sense may look for as unexpected a shock when the magnifier of severe logic reveals the germs, if not the full-grown shapes, of lively metaphysical postulates rampant amidst his most positive and matter-of-fact notions.

By way of escape from the metaphysical will-o'-the-wisps generated in the marshes of literature and theology, the serious student is sometimes bidden to betake himself to the solid ground of physical science.

But the fish of immortal memory, who threw himself out of the frying-pan into the fire, was not more ill advised than the man who seeks sanctuary from philosophical persecution within the walls of the observatory or of the laboratory. It is said that "metaphysics" owe their name to the fact that, in Aristotle's works, questions of pure philosophy are dealt with immediately after those of physics. If so, the accident is happily symbolical of the essential relations of things; for metaphysical speculation follows as closely upon physical theory as black care upon the horseman.

One need but mention such fundamental, and indeed indispensable, conceptions of the natural philosopher as those of atoms and forces; or that of attraction considered as action at a distance; or that of potential energy; or the antinomies of a vacuum and a plenum,—to call to mind the metaphysical background of physics and chemistry; while, in the biological sciences, the case is still worse. What is an individual among the lower plants and animals? Are genera and species realities or abstractions? Is there such a thing as vital force? or does the name denote a mere relic of metaphysical feticism? Is the doctrine of final causes legitimate or illegitimate? These are a few of the metaphysical topics which are suggested by the most elementary study of biological facts. But, more than this, it may be truly said that the roots of every system of philosophy lie deep among the facts of physiology. No one can doubt that the organs and the functions of sensation are as much a part of the province of the physiologist, as are the organs and functions of motion, or those of digestion; and yet it is impossible to gain an acquaintance with even the rudiments of the physiology of sensation without being led straight to one of the most fundamental of all metaphysical problems. In fact, the sensory operations have been, from time immemorial, the battleground of philosophers.

I have more than once taken occasion to point out that we are indebted to Descartes, who happened to be a physiologist as well as a philosopher, for the first distinct enunciation of the essential elements of the true theory of sensation. In later times, it is not to the works of the philosophers, if Hartley and James Mill are excepted, but to those of the physiologist, that we must turn for an adequate account of the sensory process. Haller's luminous, though summary, account of sensation in his admirable "*Prima Linea*," the first

edition of which was printed in 1747, offers a striking contrast to the prolixity and confusion of thought which pervade Reid's "Inquiry," of seventeen years' later date.* Even Sir William Hamilton, learned historian and acute critic as he was, not only failed to apprehend the philosophical bearing of long-established physiological truths; but, when he affirmed that there is no reason to deny that the mind feels at the finger points, and none to assert that the brain is the sole organ of thought,† he showed that he had not apprehended the significance of the revolution commenced, two hundred years before his time, by Descartes, and effectively followed up by Haller, Hartley, and Bonnet in the middle of the last century.

In truth, the theory of sensation, except in one point, is, at the present moment, very much where Hartley, led by a hint of Sir Isaac Newton's, left it, when, a hundred and twenty years since, the "Observations on Man: his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations," was laid before the world. The whole matter is put in a nutshell in the following passages of this notable book:—

External objects impressed upon the senses occasion, first on the nerves on which they are impressed, and then on the brain, vibrations of the small and, as we may say, infinitesimal medullary particles.

These vibrations are motions backwards and forwards of the small particles; of the same kind with the oscillations of pendulums and the tremblings of the particles of sounding bodies. They must be conceived to be exceedingly short and small, so as not to have the least efficacy to disturb or move the whole bodies of the nerves or brain.‡

* In justice to Reid, however, it should be stated that the chapters on sensation in the "Essays on the Intellectual Powers" (1785) exhibit a great improvement. He is, in fact, in advance of his commentator, as the note to Essay II., chap. ii., p. 248 of Hamilton's edition shows.

† Haller, amplifying Descartes, writes in the *Prima Linea*, CCLXVI.,—"Non est adeo obscure sensum omnem oriri ab objecti sensibilis impressione in nervum quemcumque corporis humani, et eandem per eum nervum ad cerebrum pervenientem tunc deum representari animæ, quando cerebrum adigit. Ut etiam hoc falsum sit animam in proximo per sensoria nervorumque ramos sentire." . . . DLVII.,—"Dum ergo sentimus quinque diversissima entia conjunguntur: corpus quod sentimus: organi sensorii affectio ab eo corpore: cerebri affectio a sensorii percussione nata: in anima nata mutatio: animæ denique conscientia et sensationis adperceptio." Nevertheless, Sir William Hamilton gravely informs his hearers: "We have no more right to deny that the mind feels at the finger points, as consciousness assures us, than to assert that it thinks exclusively in the brain."—"Lecture on Metaphysics and Logic" ii., p. 128.—"We have no reason whatever to doubt the report of consciousness, that we actually perceive at the external point of sensation, and that we perceive the material reality."—*Ibid.*, p. 129.

‡ Observations on Man, vol. i., p. 11.

The white medullary substance of the brain is also the immediate instrument by which ideas are presented to the mind; or, in other words, whatever changes are made in this substance, corresponding changes are made in our ideas; and *vice versa*.*

Hartley, like Haller, had no conception of the nature and functions of the grey matter of the brain. But, if for "white medullary substance," in the latter paragraph, we substitute "grey cellular substance," Hartley's propositions embody the most probable conclusions which are to be drawn from the latest investigations of physiologists. In order to judge how completely this is the case, it will be well to study some simple case of sensation, and, following the example of Reid and of James Mill, we may begin with the sense of smell. Suppose that I become aware of a musky scent, to which the name of "muskiness" may be given. I call this an odor, and I class it along with the feelings or light, colors, sounds, tastes, and the like, among those phenomena which are known as sensations. To say that I am aware of this phenomenon, or that I have it, or that it exists, are simply different modes of affirming the same facts. If I am asked how I know that it exists, I can only reply that its existence and my knowledge of it are one and the same thing; in short, that my knowledge is immediate or intuitive, and, as such, is possessed of the highest conceivable degree of certainty.

The pure sensation of muskiness is almost sure to be followed by a mental state which is not a sensation, but a belief that there is somewhere close at hand a something on which the existence of the sensation depends. It may be a musk-deer, or a musk-rat, or a musk-plant, or a grain of dry musk, or simply a scented handkerchief; but former experience leads us to believe that the sensation is due to the presence of one or other of these objects, and that it will vanish if the object is removed. In other words, there arises a belief in an external cause of the muskiness, which, in common language, is termed an odorous body.

But the manner in which this belief is usually put into words is strangely misleading. If we are dealing with a musk-plant, for example, we do not confine ourselves to a simple statement of that which we believe, and say that the musk-

plant is the cause of the sensation called muskiness; but we say that the plant has a musky smell, and we speak of the odor as a quality, or property, inherent in the plant. And the inevitable reaction of words upon thought has in this case become so complete, and has penetrated so deeply, that when an accurate statement of the case — namely, that muskiness, inasmuch as the term denotes nothing but a sensation, is a mental state and has no existence except as a mental phenomenon — is first brought under the notice of common-sense folks, it is usually regarded by them as what they are pleased to call a mere metaphysical paradox and a patent example of useless subtlety. Yet the slightest reflection must suffice to convince any one possessed of sound reasoning faculties, that it is as absurd to suppose that muskiness is a quality inherent in one plant, as it would be to imagine that pain is a quality inherent in another, because we feel pain when a thorn pricks the finger.

Even the common-sense philosopher, *par excellence*, says of smell: "It appears to be a simple and original affection or feeling of the mind, altogether inexplicable and unaccountable. It is indeed impossible that it can be in any body: it is a sensation, and a sensation can only be in a sentient thing."*

That which is true of muskiness is true of every other odor. Lavender-smell, clove-smell, garlic-smell, are, like "muskiness," names of state of consciousness, and have no existence except as such. But, in ordinary language, we speak of all these odors as if they were independent entities residing in lavender, cloves, and garlic; and it is not without a certain struggle that the false metaphysics of common sense, thus ingrained in us, is expelled.

It is unnecessary for the present purpose to inquire into the origin of our belief in external bodies, or into that of the notion of causation. Assuming the existence of an external world, there is no difficulty in obtaining experimental proof that, as a general rule, olfactory sensations are caused by odorous bodies; and we may pass on to the next step of the in-

* "An Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense," ch. ii., § 2. Reid affirms that "it is genius and not the want of it that adulterates philosophy, and fills it with error and false theory;" and no doubt his own lucubrations are free from the smallest taint of the impurity to which he objects. But, for want of something more than that "common sense," which is very common and a little dull, the contemner of genius did not notice that the admission here made knocks so big a hole in the bottom of "common-sense philosophy," that nothing can save it from foundering in the dreaded abyss of idealism.

* *Ibid.*, p. 8. The speculations of Bonnet are remarkably similar to those of Hartley; and they appear to have originated independently, though the "*Essai de Psychologie*" (1754) is of five years' later date than the "*Observations on Man*" (1749).

quity — namely, how the odorous body produces the effect attributed to it.

The first point to be noted here is another fact revealed by experience; that the appearance of the sensation is governed, not only by the presence of the odorous substance, but by the condition of a certain part of our corporeal structure, the nose. If the nostrils are closed, the presence of the odorous substance does not give rise to the sensation; while, when they are open, the sensation is intensified by the approximation of the odorous substance to them, and by snuffing up the adjacent air in such a manner as to draw it into the nose. On the other hand, looking at an odorous substance, or rubbing it on the skin, or holding it to the ear, does not awaken the sensation. Thus it can be readily established by experiment that the perviousness of the nasal passages is, in some way, essential to the sensory function; in fact, that the organ of that function is lodged somewhere in the nasal passages. And, since odorous bodies give rise to their effects at considerable distances, the suggestion is obvious that something must pass from them into the sense organ. What is this something which plays the part of an intermediary between the odorous body and the sensory organ?

The oldest speculation about the matter dates back to Democritus and the Epicurean school, and it is to be found fully stated in the fourth book of Lucretius. It comes to this: that the surfaces of bodies are constantly throwing off excessively attenuated films of their own substance; and that these films, reaching the mind, excite the appropriate sensations in it.

Aristotle did not admit the existence of any such material films, but conceived that it was the form of the substance, and not its matter, which affected sense, as a seal impresses wax, without losing anything in the process. While many, if not the majority, of the schoolmen took up an intermediate position, and supposed that a something which was not exactly either material or immaterial, and which they called an "intentional species," effected the needful communication between the bodily cause of sensation and the mind.

But all these notions, whatever may be said for, or against, them in general, are fundamentally defective, by reason of an oversight which was inevitable, in the state of knowledge at the time in which they were promulgated. What the older philosophers did not know, and could not

know, before the anatomist and physiologist had done his work, is that, between the external object and that mind in which they supposed the sensation to inhere, there lies a physical obstacle. The sense organ is not a mere passage by which the "*tenuia simulacra rerum*," or the "intentional species" cast off by objects, or the "forms" of sensible things, pass straight to the mind; on the contrary, it stands as a firm and impervious barrier, through which no material particle of the world without can make its way to the world within.

Let us consider the olfactory sense-organ more nearly. Each of the nostrils leads into a passage completely separated from the other by a partition, and these two passages place the nostrils in free communication with the back of the throat, so that they freely transmit the air passing to the lungs when the mouth is shut, as in ordinary breathing. The floor of each passage is flat, but its roof is a high arch, the crown of which is seated between the orbital cavities of the skull, which serve for the lodgement and protection of the eyes; and therefore lies behind the apparent limits of that feature which in ordinary language is called the nose. From the side walls of the upper and back part of these arched chambers, certain delicate plates of bone project, and these, as well as a considerable part of the partition between the two chambers, are covered by a fine, soft, moist membrane. It is to this Schneiderian, or olfactory, membrane that odorous bodies must obtain direct access if they are to give rise to their appropriate sensations; and it is upon the relatively large surface which the olfactory membrane offers that we must seek for the seat of the organ of the olfactory sense. The only essential part of that organ consists of a multitude of minute, rod-like bodies, set perpendicularly to the surface of the membrane, and forming a part of the cellular coat, or epithelium, which covers the olfactory membrane, as the epidermis covers the skin. In the case of the olfactory sense, there can be no doubt that the Democritic hypothesis, at any rate for such odorous substances as musk, has a good foundation. Infinitesimal particles of musk fly off from the surface of the odorous body, and, becoming diffused through the air, are carried into the nasal passages, and thence into the olfactory chambers, where they come into contact with the filamentous extremities of the delicate olfactory epithelium.

But this is not all. The "mind" is

not, so to speak, upon the other side of the epithelium. On the contrary, the inner ends of the olfactory cells are connected with nerve fibres, and these nerve fibres, passing into the cavity of the skull, at length end in a part of the brain, the olfactory sensorium. It is certain that the integrity of each, and the physical interconnection of all these three structures, the epithelium of the sensory organ, the nerve fibres, and the sensorium, are essential conditions of ordinary sensation. That is to say, the air in the olfactory chambers may be charged with particles of musk; but, if either the epithelium, or the nerve fibres, or the sensorium are injured, or physically disconnected from one another, sensation will not arise. Moreover, the epithelium may be said to be receptive, the nerve fibres transmissive, and the sensorium sensifacient. For, in the act of smelling, the particles of the odorous substance produce a molecular change (which Hartley was in all probability right in terming a vibration) in the epithelium, and this change, being transmitted to the nerve fibres, passes along them with a measurable velocity, and, finally reaching the sensorium, is immediately followed by the sensation.

Thus, modern investigation supplies a representative of the Epicurean simulacra in the volatile particles of the musk; but it also gives us the stamp of the particles on the olfactory epithelium, without any transmission of matter, as the equivalent of the Aristotelian "form;" while, finally, the modes of motion of the molecules of the olfactory cell, of the nerve, and of the cerebral sensorium, which are Hartley's vibrations, may stand very well for a double of the "intentional species" of the schoolmen. And this last remark is not intended merely to suggest a fanciful parallel; for, if the cause of the sensation is, as analogy suggests, to be sought in the mode of motion of the object of sense, then it is quite possible that the particular mode of motion of the object is reproduced in the sensorium; exactly as the diaphragm of a telephone reproduces the mode of motion taken up at its receiving end. In other words, the secondary "intentional species" may be, as the schoolmen thought the primary one was, the last link between matter and mind.

None the less, however, does it remain true that no similarity exists, nor indeed is conceivable, between the cause of the sensation and the sensation. Attend as closely to the sensations of muskiness, or any other odor, as we will, no trace of ex-

tension, resistance, or motion is discernible in them. They have no attribute in common with those which we ascribe to matter; they are, in the strictest sense of the words, immaterial entities.

Thus, the most elementary study of sensation justifies Descartes's position, that we know more of mind than we do of body; that the immaterial world is a firmer reality than the material. For the sensation "muskiness" is known immediately. So long as it persists, it is a part of what we call our thinking selves, and its existence lies beyond the possibility of doubt. The knowledge of an objective or material cause of the sensation, on the other hand, is mediate; it is a belief as contradistinguished from an intuition; and it is a belief which, in any given instance of sensation, may, by possibility, be devoid of foundation. For odors, like other sensations, may arise from the occurrence of the appropriate molecular changes in the nerve or in the sensorium, by the operation of a cause distinct from the affection of the sense organ by an odorous body. Such "subjective" sensations are as real existences as any others and as distinctly suggest an external odorous object as their cause; but the belief thus generated is a delusion. And, if beliefs are properly termed "testimonies of consciousness," then undoubtedly the testimony of consciousness may be, and often is, untrustworthy.

Another very important consideration arises out of the facts as they are now known. That which, in the absence of a knowledge of the physiology of sensation, we call the cause of the smell, and term the odorous object, is only such, immediately, by reason of its emitting particles which give rise to a mode of motion in the sense organ. The sense organ, again, is only a mediate cause by reason of its producing a molecular change in the nerve fibre; while this last change is only also a mediate cause of sensation, depending, as it does, upon the change which it excites in the sensorium.

The sense organ, the nerve, and the sensorium, taken together, constitute the sensiferous apparatus. They make up the thickness of the wall between the mind, as represented by the sensation "muskiness," and the object, as represented by the particle of musk in contact with the olfactory epithelium.

It will be observed that the sensiferous wall and the external world are of the same nature; whatever it is that constitutes them both is expressible in terms of

matter and motion. Whatever changes take place in the sensiferous apparatus are continuous with, and similar to, those which take place in the external world.* But with the sensorium, matter and motion come to an end; while phenomena of another order, or immaterial states of consciousness, make their appearance. How is the relation between the material and the immaterial phenomena to be conceived? This is the metaphysical problem of problems, and the solutions which have been suggested have been made the cornerstones of systems of philosophy. Three mutually irreconcilable readings of the riddle have been offered.

The first is, that an immaterial substance of mind exists; and that it is affected by the mode of motion of the sensorium in such a way as to give rise to the sensation.

The second is, that the sensation is a direct effect of the mode of motion of the sensorium, brought about without the intervention of any substance of mind.

The third is, that the sensation is neither directly, nor indirectly, an effect of the mode of motion of the sensorium, but that it has an independent cause. Properly speaking, therefore, it is not an effect of the motion of the sensorium, but a concomitant of it.

As none of these hypotheses is capable of even an approximation to demonstration, it is almost needless to remark that they have been severally held with tenacity and advocated with passion. I do not think it can be said of any of the three that it is inconceivable, or that it can be assumed on *a-priori* grounds to be impossible.

Consider the first, for example; an immaterial substance is perfectly conceivable. In fact, it is obvious that, if we possessed no sensations but those of smell and hearing, we should be unable to conceive a

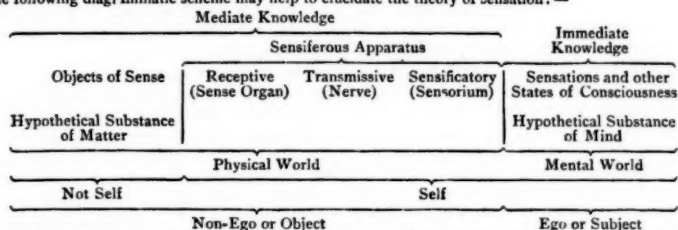
material substance. We might have a conception of time, but could have none of extension, or of resistance, or of motion. And without the three latter conceptions no idea of matter could be formed. Our whole knowledge would be limited to that of a shifting succession of immaterial phenomena. But, if an immaterial substance may exist, it may have any conceivable properties; and sensation may be one of them. All these propositions may be affirmed with complete dialectic safety, inasmuch as they cannot possibly be disproved; but neither can a particle of demonstrative evidence be offered in favor of them.

As regards the second hypothesis, it certainly is not inconceivable, and therefore it may be true, that sensation is the direct effect of certain kinds of bodily motion. It is just as easy to suppose this as to suppose, on the former hypothesis, that bodily motion affects an immaterial substance. But neither is it susceptible of proof.

And, as to the third hypothesis, since the logic of induction is in no case competent to prove that events apparently standing in the relation of cause and effect may not both be effects of a common cause—that also is as safe from refutation, if as incapable of demonstration, as the other two.

In my own opinion, neither of these speculations can be regarded seriously as anything but a more or less convenient working hypothesis. But, if I must choose among them, I take the "law of parcimony" for my guide, and select the simplest—namely, that the sensation is the direct effect of the mode of motion of the sensorium. It may justly be said that this is not the slightest explanation of sensation; but then am I really any the wiser, if I say that a sensation is an activity (of which I know nothing) of a substance of mind (of which also I know nothing)? Or, if I say that the Deity causes the sensation to arise

* The following diagrammatic scheme may help to elucidate the theory of sensation:—



Immediate knowledge is confined to states of consciousness, or, in other words, to the phenomena of mind. Knowledge of the physical world, or of one's own body and of objects external to it, is a system of beliefs or judgments based on the sensations. The term "self"

is applied not only to the series of mental phenomena which constitute the ego, but to the fragment of the physical world which is their constant concomitant. The corporeal self, therefore, is part of the non-ego; and is objective in relation to the ego as subject.

in my mind immediately after he has caused the particles of the sensorium to move in a certain way, is anything gained? In truth, a sensation, as we have already seen, is an intuition—a part of immediate knowledge. As such it is an ultimate fact and inexplicable; and all that we can hope to find out about it, and that indeed is worth finding out, is its relation to other natural facts. That relation appears to me to be sufficiently expressed, for all practical purposes, by saying that sensation is the invariable consequent of certain changes in the sensorium—or, in other words, that, so far as we know, the change in the sensorium is the cause of the sensation.

I permit myself to imagine that the untutored, if noble, savage of common sense who has been misled into reading thus far by the hope of getting positive solid information about sensation, giving way to not unnatural irritation, may here interpellate: "The upshot of all this long disquisition is that we are profoundly ignorant. We knew that to begin with, and you have merely furnished another example of the emptiness and uselessness of metaphysics." But I venture to reply, Pardon me, you were ignorant, but you did not know it. On the contrary, you thought you knew a great deal, and were quite satisfied with the particularly absurd metaphysical notions which you were pleased to call the teachings of common sense. You thought that your sensations were properties of external things, and had an existence outside of yourself. You thought that you knew more about material than you do about immaterial existences. And if, as a wise man has assured us, the knowledge of what we don't know is the next best thing to the knowledge of what we do know, this brief excursion into the province of philosophy has been highly profitable.

Of all the dangerous mental habits, that which schoolboys call "cocksureness" is probably the most perilous; and the inestimable value of metaphysical discipline is that it furnishes an effectual counterpoise to this evil proclivity. Whoso has mastered the elements of philosophy knows that the attribute of unquestionable certainty appertains only to the existence of a state of consciousness so long as it exists; all other beliefs are mere probabilities of a higher or lower order. Sound metaphysic is an amulet which renders its possessor proof alike against the poison of superstition and the counter-poison of nihilism; by showing that the affirmations of the former and the denials of the latter

alike deal with matters about which, for lack of evidence, nothing can be either affirmed or denied.

I have dwelt at length upon the nature and origin of our sensations of smell, on account of the comparative freedom of the olfactory sense from the complications which are met with in most of the other senses.

Sensations of taste, however, are generated in almost as simple a fashion as those of smell. In this case, the sense organ is the epithelium which covers the tongue and the palate; and which sometimes, becoming modified, gives rise to peculiar organs termed "gustatory bulbs," in which the epithelial cells elongate and assume a somewhat rod-like form. Nerve fibres connect the sensory organ with the sensorium, and tastes or flavors are states of consciousness caused by the change of molecular state of the latter. In the case of the sense of touch there is often no sense organ distinct from the general epidermis. But many fishes and amphibia exhibit local modifications of the epidermic cells which are sometimes extraordinarily like the gustatory bulbs; more commonly, both in lower and higher animals, the effect of the contact of external bodies is intensified by the development of hair-like filaments, or of true hairs, the bases of which are in immediate relation with the ends of the sensory nerves. Every one must have noticed the extreme delicacy of the sensations produced by the contact of bodies with the ends of the hairs of the head; and the "whiskers" of cats owe their functional importance to the abundant supply of nerves to the follicles in which their bases are lodged. What part, if any, the so-called "tactile corpuscles," "end bulbs," and "Pacinian bodies" play in the mechanism of touch is unknown. If they are sense organs, they are exceptional in character, in so far as they do not appear to be modifications of the epidermis. Nothing is known respecting the sense organs of those sensations of resistance which are grouped under the head of the muscular sense; nor of the sensations of warmth and cold; nor of that very singular sensation which we call tickling.

In the case of heat and cold, the organism not only becomes affected by external bodies, far more remote than those which affect the sense of smell; but the Democritic hypothesis is obviously no longer permissible. When the direct rays of the sun fall upon the skin, the sensation of heat is certainly not caused by "attenuated

films" thrown off from that luminary, but to a mode of motion which is transmitted to us. In Aristotelian phrase, it is the form without the matter of the sun which stamps the sense organ; and this, translated into modern language, means nearly the same thing as Hartley's vibrations. Thus we are prepared for what happens in the case of the auditory and the visual senses. For neither the ear nor the eye receives anything but the impulses or vibrations originated by sonorous or luminous bodies. Nevertheless, the receptive apparatus still consists of nothing but specially modified epithelial cells. In the labyrinth of the ear of the higher animals the free ends of these cells terminate in excessively delicate hair-like filaments; while, in the lower forms of auditory organ, its free surface is beset with delicate hairs like those of the surface of the body, and the transmissive nerves are connected with the bases of these hairs. Thus there is an insensible gradation in the forms of the receptive apparatus, from the organ of touch, on the one hand, to those of taste and smell; and, on the other hand, to that of hearing. Even in the case of the most refined of all the sense organs, that of vision, the receptive apparatus departs but little from the general type. The only essential constituent of the visual sense organ is the retina, which forms so small a part of the eyes of the higher animals; and the simplest eyes are nothing but portions of the integument, in which the cells of the epidermis have become converted into glassy, rod-like, retinal corpuscles. The outer ends of these are turned towards the light; their sides are more or less extensively coated with a dark pigment, and their inner ends are connected with the transmissive nerve fibres. The light impinging on these visual rods produces a change in them which is communicated to the nerve fibres, and, being transmitted to the sensorium, gives rise to the sensation — if indeed all animals which possess eyes are endowed with what we understand as sensation.

In the higher animals, a complicated apparatus of lenses, arranged on the principle of a camera obscura, serves at once to concentrate and to individualize the pencils of light proceeding from external bodies. But the essential part of the organ of vision is still a layer of cells which have the form of rods with truncated or conical ends. By what seems a strange anomaly, however, the glassy ends of these are turned not towards, but away from, the light; and the latter has to traverse the

layer of nervous tissues with which their outer ends are connected, before it can affect them. Moreover, the rods and cones of the vertebrate retina are so deeply seated, and in many respects so peculiar in character, that it appears impossible, at first sight, that they can have anything to do with that epidermis of which gustatory and tactile, and at any rate the lower forms of auditory and visual, organs are obvious modifications.

Whatever be the apparent diversities among the sensiferous apparatuses, however, they share certain common characters. Each consists of a receptive, a transmissive, and a sensificatory portion. The essential part of the first is an epithelium, of the second, nerve fibres, of the third, a part of the brain; the sensation is always the consequence of the mode of motion excited in the receptive, and sent along the transmissive, to the sensorial part of the sensiferous apparatus. And, in all the senses, there is no likeness whatever between the object of sense, which is matter in motion, and the sensation, which is an immaterial phenomenon.

On the hypothesis which appears to me to be the most convenient, sensation is a product of the sensiferous apparatus caused by certain modes of motion which are set up in it by impulses from without. The sensiferous apparatuses are, as it were, factories, all of which at the one end receive raw materials of a similar kind — namely, modes of motion — while, at the other, each turns out a special product, the feeling which constitutes the kind of sensation characteristic of it.

Or, to make use of a closer comparison, each sensiferous apparatus is comparable to a musical-box wound up; with as many tunes as there are separate sensations. The object of a simple sensation is the agent which presses down the stop of one of these tunes, and the more feeble the agent, the more delicate must be the mobility of the stop.*

But, if this be the case, if the recipient part of the sensiferous apparatus is, in all cases, merely a mechanism affected by coarser or finer kinds of material motion, we might expect to find that all sense organs are fundamentally alike, and result from the modification of the same morphological elements. And this is exactly what does result from all recent histological and embryological investigations.

It has been seen that the receptive part

* "Chaque fibre est une espèce de touche ou de marteau destiné à rendre un certain ton." — Bonnet, *Essai de Psychologie*, chap. iv.

of the olfactory apparatus is a slightly modified epithelium, which lines an olfactory chamber deeply seated between the orbits in adult human beings. But, if we trace back the nasal chambers to their origin in the embryo, we find that, to begin with, they are mere depressions of the skin of the fore part of the head, lined by a continuation of the general epidermis. These depressions become pits, and the pits, by the growth of the adjacent parts, gradually acquire the position which they finally occupy. The olfactory organ, therefore, is a specially modified part of the general integument.

The human ear would seem to present greater difficulties. For the essential part of the sense organ, in this case, is the membranous labyrinth, a bag of complicated form, which lies buried in the depths of the floor of the skull, and is surrounded by dense and solid bone. Here, however, recourse to the study of development readily unravels the mystery. Shortly after the time when the olfactory organ appears as a depression of the skin on the side of the fore part of the head, the auditory organ appears as a similar depression on the side of its back part. The depression, rapidly deepening, becomes a small pouch, and then, the communication with the exterior becoming shut off, the pouch is converted into a closed bag, the epithelial lining of which is a part of the general epidermis segregated from the rest. The adjacent tissues, changing first into cartilage and then into bone, enclose the auditory sac in a strong case, in which it undergoes its further metamorphoses; while the drum, the ear bones, and the external ear are superadded by no less extraordinary modifications of the adjacent parts. Still more marvellous is the history of the development of the organ of vision. In the place of the eye, as in that of the nose and that of the ear, the young embryo presents a depression of the general integument; but, in man and the higher animals, this does not give rise to the proper sensory organ, but only to part of the accessory structures concerned in vision. In fact, this depression, deepening and becoming converted into a shut sac, produces only the cornea, the aqueous humor, and the crystalline lens of the perfect eye.

The retina is added to this by the outgrowth of the wall of a portion of the brain into a sort of bag or sac with a narrow neck, the convex bottom of which is turned outwards or towards the crystalline lens. As the development of the eye proceeds, the convex bottom of the bag be-

comes pushed in, so that it gradually obliterates the cavity of the sac, the previously convex wall of which becomes deeply concave. The sac of the brain is now like a double nightcap ready for the head, but the place which the head would occupy is taken by the vitreous humor, while the layer of nightcap next it becomes the retina. The cells of this layer which lie furthest from the vitreous humor, or, in other words, bound the original cavity of the sac, are metamorphosed into the rods and cones. Suppose now that the sac of the brain could be brought back to its original form; then the rods and cones would form part of the lining of a side pouch of the brain. But one of the most wonderful revelations of embryology is the proof of the fact that the brain itself is, at its first beginning, merely an infolding of the epidermic layer of the general integument. Hence it follows that the rods and cones of the vertebrate eye are modified epidermic cells, as much as the crystalline cones of the insect or crustacean eye are; and that the inversion of the position of the former in relation to light arises simply from the roundabout way in which the vertebrate retina is developed.

Thus all the higher sense organs start from one foundation, and the receptive epithelium of the eye, or of the ear, is as much modified epidermis as is that of the nose. The structural unity of the sense organs is the morphological parallel to their identity of physiological function, which, as we have seen, is to be impressed by certain modes of motion; and they are fine or coarse in proportion to the delicacy or the strength of the impulses by which they are to be affected.

In ultimate analysis, then, it appears that a sensation is the equivalent in terms of consciousness for a mode of motion of the matter of the sensorium. But, if inquiry is pushed a stage further, and the question is asked, What then do we know about matter and motion? there is but one reply possible. All that we know about motion is that it is a name for certain changes in the relations of our visual, tactile, and muscular sensations; and all that we know about matter is that it is the hypothetical substance of physical phenomena — the assumption of the existence of which is as pure a piece of metaphysical speculation as that of the substance of mind.

Our sensations, our pleasures, our pains, and the relations of these make up the sum total of the elements of positive, unquestionable knowledge. We call a large sec-

tion of these sensations and their relations matter and motion; the rest we term mind and thinking; and experience shows that there is a certain constant order of succession between some of the former and some of the latter.

This is all that just metaphysical criticism leaves of the idols set up by the spurious metaphysics of vulgar common sense. It is consistent either with pure materialism, or with pure idealism, but it is neither. For the idealist, not content with declaring the truth that our knowledge is limited to facts of consciousness, affirms the wholly unprovable proposition that nothing exists beyond these and the substance of mind. And, on the other hand, the materialist, holding by the truth that, for anything that appears to the contrary, material phenomena are the causes of mental phenomena, asserts his unprovable dogma, that material phenomena and the substance of matter are the sole primary existences.

Strike out the propositions about which neither controversialist does or can know anything, and there is nothing left for them to quarrel about. Make a desert of the Unknowable, and the divine Astræa of philosophic peace will commence her blessed reign.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A CREMATION IN CHINA.

IN the great city of Canton are many and extensive places of worship dedicated to the religion of Buddha, the well-honored one; but none more worthy a visit than the "Ocean Banner" monastery, which stands hard by on the little island of Honam, its portals laved by the muddy waters of the Pearl River. At no great distance, on the opposite bank, once stood the celebrated foreign "factories,"* where the pioneers of European commerce dragged out so many weary hours of *ennui* and danger, to be rewarded in most cases with those ample fortunes which are even now inseparably connected with the name of a China merchant. All this has of late years undergone a change. On the Canton side of the river, in close communication with the teeming suburbs of the city itself, has been formed, upon what was not long ago only a mud-bank, a beautiful park-like settlement, with handsome Eu-

ropean houses scattered here and there among the trees, a public garden, a church, a club, a theatre, a racquet-court, a lawn-tennis and croquet ground, and other striking proofs of an advanced civilization. Residents who tire of the endless monotony of each other's faces, stroll away unmolested into the crush and bustle of the native town, where a new phase of humanity presents itself at every turn to the eye of the observing student. If they only conduct themselves there with becoming propriety, resisting impulses to kick each "dirty coolie" out of their path, and attempting to fall in with rather than ignore the exigencies of Chinese street etiquette, they may wander from morn to dewy eve far into the labyrinth of lanes of which this city is composed, without the risk of even a bad word being hurled at their unoffending heads.

We landed, on the afternoon of the 27th January last, at the jetty of the Ocean Banner monastery; and, passing through the entrance gate, proceeded up a broad granite pathway, shaded on both sides with trees. Vice-Admiral Hillyar, C.B., and several of his staff were availing themselves of the opportunity of visiting this temple; in consequence of which we were soon surrounded by an unusually large crowd of excited children, all anxious to have a good stare at the red-haired barbarian. The promise of a *cumshaw** readily enlisted two of the most turbulent youngsters into our own service, and by their aid we were enabled to advance with more rapidity than we could otherwise have done. In a few moments we had reached a kind of open gateway or porch, within which were two enormous figures, one on each side, the doorkeepers of the place. The figure on the right wore a benignant smile of welcome, while his colleague opposite looked scowlingly down on us, as if to warn us against misbehavior of any kind within the sacred precincts. "No smoking" was placarded close by in large characters; also a prohibition against eating ground-nuts, but neither seemed to be heeded by the people, nay, several of the priests themselves were very willing to accept a proffered cigar. A little farther on was another and a larger gateway, containing images of the four heavenly kings,† whose duty it is to guard the world from the attacks of Titanic demons known as Asuras. Their faces are colored green,

* The Anglo-Chinese equivalent of "baksheesh," being a corruption of two Chinese words meaning "grateful thanks."

† The Tchaturmahārājas.

* So called from their being the residence of *factories*, or agents of the East India Company.

red, white, and black respectively; and over their huge legs and bodies are pasted little strips of red paper, recording the names of little children confided by their anxious mothers to the protection of these deities. Beyond this gateway stands the first great *sanctum*, containing colossal images of the so-called past, present, and future Buddhas*—the Buddhist Trinity. A priest, dressed in a light-drab robe folded across his breast in the form of a cross, dirty and degraded-looking as usual, half opened one of the side doors, and in we pressed as hurriedly as we could, the priest slamming the door in the face of the crowd outside, minus the few more nimble than the rest who had managed to squeeze in with us. On each side of the Three Precious Ones were ranged smaller images of the eighteen Lo-han,† or chosen disciples of Shākyamuni Buddha; long scrolls of ornamental design, inscribed with the formula *Namah Amitābha*,‡ hung from the roof in all directions, the gifts of wealthy suppliants whose prayers had been heard; and in one corner was a magnificent bell, some two hundred years old, which is struck morning and evening one hundred and eight times with a kind of battering-ram suspended at its side. A ten-cent piece amply satisfied the priests in charge of this hall, and we passed on without delay to the second, in which stood a splendid marble dagoba, said to be hewn from a single block and covering as usual some precious relic of Buddha. At each of the four sides stands a wooden table covered with flowers, candles, incense, etc., the instrumental parts of the Buddhist as well as of the Roman Catholic religion. On one ledge of the dagoba itself was placed a bowl of water, the emblem of purity as set forth in the life and teachings of Buddha, in no way corresponding, as has sometimes been stated, to the *eau bénite* of the Romish Church. Behind this, again, is the hall of Kuan-yin, the Chinese goddess of mercy, and the Avalôkitês'vara of Indian Buddhism. We take a hasty glance at the "sacred" pigs and cocks which are kept in the monastery in illustration of the great Buddhist commandment, "Thou shalt not take life," and prepare to examine into the more interesting details of the Buddhist cloister, inserting by way of preface a few desultory remarks on the social status of the monks themselves.

* Shākyamuni, Avalôkitês'vara (or Kwan-yin), and Maitrêya.

† Same as *Arhân*.

‡ "Our humble trust is in Amida Buddha."

The ranks of the Buddhist priesthood in China are generally recruited by children, purchased either from their parents or from kidnappers. It is only in times of great distress that the poorer Chinese will sell even their daughters, still less the valued son on whom may possibly devolve the paramount duty of conducting the ancestral worship; kidnapping, however, is by no means an uncommon crime, albeit the punishment on detection is a speedy and ignominious death. Occasionally, parents dedicate a child to Buddha, perhaps in fulfilment of a vow; and the victim is there and then formally made over to the Church, by deeds signed, sealed, and delivered. From this step there is no withdrawal. The child's head is completely shaved; he is made to live on a vegetable diet and to forego the use of wine. He is taught to chant the Buddhist liturgies, without understanding a word of them; and after a required novitiate, proves his constancy to the faith by standing unmoved while several pastilles burn down into his scalp, leaving the ineradicable scars which testify to the fact that he has put away forever the things of this world and has been regularly ordained as a priest. He has now "left his home" in good earnest, and all that remains to him in this world is a life of celibacy and dull routine. To resume: criminals fleeing from justice not unfrequently seek refuge in a religious life, submitting to the branding of their heads and the subsequent discomforts of cloister existence rather than fall into the merciless meshes of Chinese law.† Sometimes, too, unsuccessful mandarins throw themselves into a monastery and take the vows, driven to such a step by dread of the Imperial frown. It is said that the foolish official who, during the war of 1841-42, laid at the foot of the throne his discovery of the secret of foreign steamers, and forthwith produced a vessel with two huge paddle-wheels to be turned by coolies inside, is even now languishing in one of the numerous monasteries on the celebrated Lo-fou hill in the province of Kuang-tung, whither he retired after the failure of his scheme, covered with ignominy and shame.‡ From

* The Chinese equivalent of our "gone into the Church."

† A very amusing story of this kind is told in one of the early chapters of the well-known *Shui-ku*. The criminal in question gets horribly drunk and beats his brother priests right and left, etc., etc.

‡ It may be interesting to some of our readers to learn that at this very moment there is a line of passenger-boats running between Canton and a town some ten or fifteen miles off, which are propelled by side wheels turned by about twenty coolies, who work ex-

such sources as these come the priests of Buddhism in China, renouncing all ties of home and kindred for a life of celibacy, fasting, and prayer, its monotony occasionally broken by some violent act of self-sacrifice with a view to obtaining alms, such as sitting in a box studded on the inside with nails and only pulling one out each time a charitable passer-by sees fit to shorten the penance by handing in a contribution to the funds of the house. Besides the regular masses in their own temple, the priests attend at people's houses to read a service over the dead. Taoism divides with Buddhism the patronage of the illiterate: some send for Taoist priests, some for Buddhist; many make doubly sure by calling in the aid of both. In every monastery there are several who smoke opium; a few are sincere; all are dirty and brutish-looking to the last degree. The people tell sad stories of their oft-broken vows and generally irreligious demeanor—a portion of which must be set down to the scandal that usually gathers round a class professing to be better than the world in general, but much of which has indubitably a foundation of truth. In any case, the reputation of the Buddhist priest is a by-word among the Chinese, whose superstitious nature forbids them at the same time to dispense altogether with the services of these despised creatures, who are not classified as ordinary men. They have no home, no country, no ancestors, and no posterity. They have not even a name; only a monastic appellation, by which they are distinguished one from another.

We had now arrived at the refectory, where the priests take their daily meals of vegetables and rice, lenten fare being their only portion from one year's end to another. "No wine or meat may enter here," says a placard at the gate of the temple; and whatever may be the forbidden dainties in which the brothers indulge beyond the limits of the cloister or in their own private apartments, it is quite certain that here before the eyes of the public the commandments of Buddha are in no way infringed. The refectory is a large, airy room open at one end, with a railing across to keep out strangers. At the opposite end is a small table for the abbot, so to speak, raised on a dais about a foot high, from which position he can see the faces of all the priests as they sit on one side only of the long, narrow tables ranged on

actly as if they were on the treadmill. These boats may frequently be seen passing up and down the river, and make very good way even against the tide.

the right and left of the hall. The latter are not supposed to talk during meals; * they are expected to act in accordance with a couplet, one among several which we copied down from the pillars on which they hung:—

Reverence the statutes of purification (by fasting):

Pay strict attention to the rules of decorum.

In unoccupied moments they should meditate upon some passage from the *sūtras*, such as may be seen in large characters hanging from every wall. In one corner there is a table laid for mendicant or travelling priests, any of whom are entitled to three days' entertainment, provided they can show their diploma of ordination, sealed by the proper authorities. Just outside the refectory railings is a peg in the wall, and over it the inscription "Lost Property." On this each member of the fraternity is supposed to hang anything he may find lying about, part of a priest's dress, or any of the various implements used in their religious ceremonies. We now inspected the abbot's quarters and the loathsome dens which serve as sleeping apartments for the monks; and we were then shown into a section of the monastery connected more closely with the subject of the present paper. It is known as the "Abode of a Long Old Age," and consists of a suite of rooms specially set apart for aged or infirm priests, or such as are stricken with any mortal disease. We entered in by the "front" gate, or Gate of Life, as opposed to the "back" gate, or Gate of Death, which last is opened only on the occasion of a priest's demise, for this exit of his dead body. In the middle of the building is a small chapel, dedicated to the god of medicine, and from a scroll overhead we learnt that this was the "Hall of the Centenarian's Repose." Around were the usual narrow bedchambers of the priests, and at one side was a small cooking-range for the preparation of their food. Three old brothers were living in this dismal place, quietly awaiting the hour of translation to a higher state. They detest, naturally enough, an enforced residence in this "Abode of a Long Old Age:" when once the abbot's fiat has been pronounced, however, there is nothing left for them but to obey. We now

* "When they enter the refectory the demeanor is grave and orderly: they sit down in regular order; they all keep silence; they make no noise with their bowls, etc.; and when the attendants serve more food they do not call out to each other, but make signs with their hands."—"Record of the Buddhist Kingdoms," ch. iii. [By the present writer.]

passed across to a room situated opposite to the gates of life and death, where we were to view the large wooden boxes containing wooden chairs in which dead priests are placed on the day of their death, previous to the final act of cremation; and we were just about to raise the vertical slide of one of these, when the conducting priest seized us by the sleeve and whispered hurriedly, "St! st! there's one inside!" And immediately we saw, what we might have noticed before, that a narrow slip of yellow paper, bearing certain characters upon its face, was pasted on the slide of the box, and that a table was arranged in front with several plates of food, etc., and a taper burning at the side. On asking particulars from our friendly guide, we learnt that the dead man had passed away in the night, and that he was to be cremated at eight o'clock on the following morning. An offer of two ten-cent pieces induced our informant to raise the vertical slide; and on looking in, we beheld an old man sitting bolt upright and dressed in the usual priestly garb, his hands folded before him in prayer, and his head thrown slightly back, as if he had fallen asleep. Only by the hue on his face could we have told that he was really dead. Before him, fixed in the framework of the chair itself, was a short upright piece of wood with a crescent-shaped top, intended to serve as a rest for the chin in case his head should fall forward. What we had seen suggested a project we determined to carry out; we moved away at once, not wishing to give the impression that we proposed to be present at the ceremony of the morrow, lest the priests should take alarm at the prospect of having foreigners among their spectators and so hurry the performance over before our arrival. We did not even stay to copy the inscription on the coffin, but strolled away through the monastery grounds in an unconcerned manner.

We get up next morning in the cold, grey dawn of a January day, and after an early breakfast rowed quietly down to the jetty of the Ocean Banner monastery. To our great satisfaction but few children were about, and we passed quickly and noiselessly through the dark cloisters until we reached the "Abode of a Long Old Age," arriving there about a quarter of an hour before the appointed time. And now we had ample leisure to make a further inspection of the coffin and its occupant, a liberty resolutely opposed by a priest we found in attendance. He said that the last mass had been chanted for his dead brother's soul, and that no man might look on

his face again unless through the flames which were to waft him into Nirvāna. We contented ourselves, therefore, by noting down that above the box and altar were two Chinese characters, signifying that the priest within was on his return journey to the west, to the land of Buddha; in other words that he was dead. On each side hung a scroll, on which were written the following words:—

(1) Though the Trikāya* be absolutely complete, the limit is not yet found.

(2) It is the maturity of the Skandha† which alone can give perfection.

The yellow strip of paper pasted on to the vertical slide above mentioned bore this inscription: "The throne of intelligence‡ of the contemplative philosopher, the Bōdhisattva,§ the worthy Bikshu|| 'United Wisdom,'¶ now passed away." While thus engaged we heard the harsh tones of the "wooden fish,"** beaten to summon the priests to their morning meal, and about a quarter of an hour afterwards they began one by one to drop in, each with his *kachāya* or colored stole hanging in readiness over one arm. Then ensued a series of prostrations on the circular rush mat placed in front of the altar and coffin; and every now and again some friendly hand would renovate the wick of the flickering lamp, that the spirit of the dead man might the better see to eat the food there laid out to comfort its hungry stomach. But these were merely private manifestations of feeling, and had nothing to do with the real ceremony of the day; and while not thus engaged, the priests, now collecting in large numbers, examined as usual the texture of our clothes, and asked a few of the well-known questions. One of them had only recently returned from a visit to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, and the stronghold of that form of the

* The three bodies, namely, *dharmakāya*, or the spiritual body, which is permanent and indestructible; *sambhōgakāya*, or the form which belongs to every Buddha as a reward for his merits, and is in due accordance therewith; and *nirmānakāya*, or a body which has the power of assuming any shape for the purpose of propagating the doctrines of Buddhism.—See Eitel's "Handbook of Buddhism."

† Five attributes of every human being, namely: form, perception, consciousness, action, and knowledge. "The union of these five attributes, which are considered as abstract qualities, and yet as forming the real constituents of every personality, dates from the moment of birth. Their full maturity brings on death."

—Dr. E. J. Eitel.

‡ Bōdhi.

§ A being that has only once more to pass through human existence before it attains to Buddhahood.

|| A priest or follower of Shākyamuni.

¶ The dead man's "monastic appellation" mentioned above.

** A piece of wood carved in the shape of a large-headed fish with a very wide mouth.

Buddhist religion known as Lamaism. He said the Lamas had no wish to see foreigners there, and advised us strongly not to go, adding that there was no such trade as we had at Canton to attract us thither. Just at that moment it was announced that the abbot was coming; and immediately all the priests put on their stoles, and arranged themselves decorously in two long rows, beginning from close alongside the coffin itself. In a few minutes the abbot was passing slowly between their ranks, his string of one hundred and eight beads* in one hand, and in the other a small gong fixed into a framework of wood, having a clapper so attached that every turn of the hand produces a sound. He stopped in front of the altar and coffin, and there prostrated himself thrice, each time knocking his head upon the ground thrice, that being the number of *kotos* performed before the emperor of China, in the presence of death, and on other special occasions. He then rose, and at a given signal the whole body of priests broke forth into a chant or intonation of that portion of the Buddhist liturgy set apart as the service for the dead, the abbot himself adding to the general effect by a stroke every now and then upon his little hand-gong. When this was over, two little ragged boys were chosen from among the now fast-increasing crowd, of whom to each was confided a streaming banner attached to the top of a light rod, ornamented with a blue and white spiral from top to bottom. Both banners bore the same legend: "Our humble trust is in Amida Buddha, our guide." These two boys were told off to head the procession; and then four priests, whose special duty it is, seized the box which held the dead man and bound it to a couple of stout bamboo poles, by the aid of which they carried it very comfortably and gently between them, without any of the jogging so hateful to Chinese sentiment. Following close upon the banners, the coffin-bearers themselves were followed by all the priests, walking two-and-two, and headed by the abbot, the whole company chanting in admirable time the words "*Namah Amitābha*" — "We humbly trust in Amida Buddha." A scuffling troop of idlers and children brought up our disorderly rear; and thus we passed along, before the "Gate of Death," through which the body of the priest had been carried two nights previously, and up the *Via Mortis*, or "Way of Death," a

small lane leading from the old men's quarters to the cremation-ground of the monastery, never used except upon such occasions as the present. On our way through the garden in which this lane terminated, we observe a black marble tablet standing in a little kiosk by the side of the path. This had been put up in memory of a white deer which had been presented to the monastery by a former prefect of Canton, celebrated as being long a favorite with the son of its old master, and because on the very day on which the boy was subsequently cut off in the flower of his youth the affectionate creature laid down its head and died too — they said, of a broken heart. We passed two of the substantial stone mausoleums into which are thrown, tied up in red bags, the collected ashes of cremated priests; but these are no longer in use, each having already received its full complement of five thousand and forty-eight bags, and the little square port-holes at the side have been bricked up for the last time. Meanwhile, such remains of charred bones as are now gathered together after every cremation are reverently deposited in small urns and piled in a temporary shed, with a slip of paper or memorandum attached to each, until sufficient money can be scraped together for the building of a new mausoleum. We had now arrived in front of the furnace, a low brick building, quite open on one side, and with apertures in two of the other three, for the purpose, we presume, of creating a proper draught. Within was already prepared a funeral pyre consisting of billets of thick wood, and on the top of these the coffin was placed ready for the fire. The priests ranged themselves in the form of a horse-shoe before the opening of the furnace, and once more began to chant some passage from their sacred books; and it was not until some ten minutes had elapsed that a novice lighted a long-handled torch and handed it respectfully to the abbot. The latter then stepped forward to a position immediately in front of the furnace, and there he slowly waved the torch several times round and round, uttering at the same time an invocation to Buddha and all the saints on behalf of the dead man's soul. While this was going on, the novice had crept into the furnace; and after gently raising the upper lid of the box, was busily engaged in inserting therein pieces of wood, apparently well oiled, together with other combustible material. By the time the abbot had finished his prayer everything was in readiness; he then

* Said to refer to the one hundred and eight compartments in the *phrahat*, or sacred footprint of Buddha.

handed the torch back to the novice, who forthwith placed it below the pyre, where oil had evidently been poured over the dry twigs used for lighting the fire. In a moment arose a blaze, and the flames began almost instantaneously to roar fiercely upwards, devouring the thin planks of the box in which the dead man was sitting. This was the signal for departure. One by one the priests stole away, not caring to participate too closely in the last scene of all, until at length only a few were left behind to collect with pious hands the *shê-li** of their departed brother. In less than two hours the fire had burned itself out. The earthly remains of "United Wisdom" were placed in the customary urn, and deposited in that temporary mausoleum; while his immortal soul had soared aloft to the promised land, there to partake of the infinite beatitude of Nirvâna.

HERBERT A. GILES.

* The *s'arira*, or relics of the body of any cremated saint.

From Chambers' Journal.
TENT-LIFE IN PALESTINE.

In their habits of thought and action the peasantry of Palestine still remain essentially what they were in the earliest ages of our world's history; hence to travel in the East seems to lift the veil which time has dropped over the dead centuries, and to live again a life full of the charm with which antiquity envelops the past. The traveller riding up from the coast of Jerusalem: still passes ancient villages like Bethphage and Bethany perched on the breezy hillsides; he still sees flocks of sheep, goats, and small red cattle tended by herd-boys such as David might have been; he still passes groups of blue-robed women who with reddish-brown jars on their heads loiter beside the wells in the shade of the gray olive-trees, and draw water and chatter and gossip and quarrel as Rebecca and her companions did in the days of Abraham.

Determined to proceed with the survey of western Palestine, the Exploration Committee appointed Captain Stewart, R.E., as leader of the expedition; that officer however, having unfortunately become invalidated ere the work was well begun, was succeeded by Lieutenant Conder, R.E., who has recorded his observations in the interesting volumes, "Tent Work in Palestine" (Bentley & Son, Lon-

don). Upon landing in Syria for the purpose of pursuing his investigations, Lieutenant Conder found the survey camp pitched beside a beautiful fountain in Samaria. It consisted of four tents, one of which was used as a kitchen, and had quite a little flock of live-stock around it, comprising horses, mules, dogs, and a pet gazelle. A small village called Sebûstieh now represents Samaria, the magnificent city of Herod the Great; and of its beautiful buildings but one small portion remains, a colonnade to the west of the village. During the months of July and August, the party remained in the neighborhood of Samaria, and while there, the head of a wealthy naïve family named Jeba, invited Lieutenant Conder and a friend to dinner. "We found the sheik's reception-room," he says, "well built and new; the upper floor had a raised dais carpeted and furnished with pillows, and on this we were requested to sit." The host, dressed in a long white robe, now appeared, and removing his slippers, stepped upon the dais, where he tapped his breast, lips, and head, and frequently repeated: "How is your health? How is your excellency?" Water was then poured over their hands from a brass ewer; and the requirements of etiquette being thus fulfilled, dinner was immediately served. It consisted of twelve dishes, of which the first were lentils, tomatoes, and vegetable marrows stuffed with rice. Then came *leben*, bowls of sour thickened milk; followed by three huge dishes of rice and meat; and lastly the crowning glory of the feast, what the visitors supposed to be a kid dressed whole. It was exquisitely tender and juicy, and they ate of it with much appetite, little suspecting that it was, what it afterwards turned out to be, their own pet gazelle. No water was placed on the board; but a slave stood near with a huge green goblet, from which each guest drank in succession, each man as he put the water to his lips turning to his next neighbor and saying: "Digestion;" whereupon the other gravely rejoined: "The Lord increase your digestion;" a pious prayer not altogether uncalled for under the circumstances. Pipes, coffee, and cigarettes concluded the feast.

In August the tents were struck, and camels had to be procured to carry the baggage. Having at last got under weigh, the picturesque procession in a long string filed down the chalky road to the new camp beside the ancient Engannim, the spring of gardens, a lovely spot still, with vineyards and fruit-gardens and patches of palms. The heat now became so great

that they felt as if the loose basaltic soil scorched their feet even through the soles of their boots; portions of the skin of their face came off, and the constantly recurring mirage rendered the taking of observations almost impossible. Among the sites examined in this neighborhood were the village of Nain, the cave of Endor, the fountain beside Jezreel where Saul pitched, and the brook Kishon, the scene of Sisera's overthrow. From this camp they rode one day to Nazareth, which they found a flourishing town, containing the sacred places of no fewer than six sects. "The people of this town," says Lieutenant Conder, "are remarkable for the gay coloring of their dresses, and the Christian women for their beauty; many a charming bit of color, many a shapely figure set off by a picturesque costume, many a dark eye and ruddy cheek have I seen in the streets or by the spring."

Towards the end of summer and in autumn, Palestine presents a withered, parched, inconceivably desolate appearance; but with the first rain, which fell immediately after the camp was moved to the vicinity of Nazareth, the waste face of the desert began to bud and blossom into beauty, and quite a crowd of flowers appeared. Crocuses, narcissus, squills, lilies, and red anemones enamelled the turf, which glowed with a tint of the richest green. Birds also began to be visible, the yellow wagtail, the blue roller-bird, and the boomeh, a small species of owl; while from the thickets sounded the tender plaint of the turtle-dove.

The natives of Nazareth are very quarrelsome, and the troubles arising from this source were so manifold that the survey party made all the haste they could to leave it for the village of Sheik Abreik, where they were not only left in peace, but found as much game as they could shoot — woodcock, quail, red-legged partridges, lapwing, snipe, and a small species of bustard. They found that some of the Nazareth villages and the northern half of the great plain extending to seventy square miles, have been bought by a Greek banker, who paid only twenty thousand pounds for this huge slice of land; and the increased productivity and superior cultivation of his property show what might be made of the country under more favorable circumstances. Towards the middle of December the weather became stormy, and the camp was broken up for the season, the survey party finding refuge in the German colony of Haifa at the base of Carmel.

Carmel is not so much one, as a trian-

gular block of mountains with valleys running up between them thickly clothed with wood, and abounding in game, such as wild pigs, gazelles, fallow deer, hunting-leopards, and partridges and other birds. The view from the summit is very fine. At the end of one of the ridges, five hundred feet above the sea, stands a Carmelite convent; there are also on the slopes of the hill two Druse villages and the ruins of a synagogue. Haifa is a walled and well-built town with gay bazaars, while west of it along the shore stretch extensive and magnificent ruins which belonged to an ancient city of the same name. After the winter storms the beach at the bay of Haifa is often found strewn with shells of the *Murex trunculus*, from which in ancient times the costly Tyrian purple was extracted. Under the cliffs of Carmel the Kishon pours its waters into the plain of Acre, through a narrow gorge clothed with thickets of laurustinas, and flows to the sea through long dunes of sand, which are fringed with palms and covered with semi-aquatic plants with thick glossy leaves.

Acre, where anciently the flag of Richard Cœur de Lion floated, and which was taken by the British in 1840, they found to be a poor, irregularly-built town. Much more interesting was the survey of Athlit, also a crusading fortress. The ruins, which are in the Gothic style of architecture, are magnificent, and well worthy of the great order of Knights Templars by whom they were built. The exploring party were now in the plain of Sharon, a district rarely visited by travellers, and the few inhabitants, unsophisticated by any intercourse with Europeans, were found to be savage and lawless in the extreme. Robbery was the business of their lives, and to robbery they generally added murder. One day Lieutenant Conder entered an ancient Jewish sepulchre for the purpose of exploring it, when he found to his horror the bodies of six murdered persons lying on the floor in different directions. The rose of Sharon he supposes to be the white narcissus, which in early spring clothes the plain with beauty. Lying low amid the broad white dunes of rolling sand at the extremity of the plain, they found all that is left of the magnificent city which Herod built in honor of Cæsar Augustus, and called Cæsarea. Some fragments of its gigantic mole still remain, and of its stone theatre and hippodrome; and along the mole projecting into the sea, the dismantled towers of the crusading fortress which was erected on its ruins. Around these lonely memorials of long-vanished splendor stretch, in spring,

acres upon acres of the yellow marigold, a noxious flower to travellers, for it was found to occasion a very bad form of hay-fever. Early in April the patches of corn were ripening under the scattered oaks, and the shaggy brown buffaloes were wallowing in the muddy marshes; and on the shoals in Crocodile River the long brown reptiles which give it its name might be seen basking in the sun.

In the beginning of April the camp was moved to the edge of the hills, and here they had an invitation to dinner from the emir of the Howarith Arabs, whose tents were pitched in the plain below. They accepted the invitation, and found a large party assembled to meet them, very polite and quiet in manner. At 1 P. M. dinner was served in a large wooden bowl four feet in diameter. The substratum of the feast was composed of bread and vegetables, above which was piled rice and roast lamb cut into small pieces, while over all was poured an ample libation of melted butter. Three brass spoons were courteously proffered to the English guests; but as they were no longer strangers in the country, they boldly thrust their right hands into the savory mess, and made a comfortable meal.

Then came May. The corn was reaped, the flowers were gone, and the treeless plain was again a withered desert scorched with the fiery heat of the sun, which made the survey party thankful to march south into a wild, hilly country where there were pleasant olive-groves. The natives of this region had never seen an Englishman, and the ruins around owed their dilapidation rather to the destructive influences of the weather than to the hand of man. They were now completely worn out by the heat of the sun and the fatigues of the campaign, and resolved to take a few weeks of relaxation in a cool retreat in the mountains above Damascus.

Emerging from a rugged gorge in a chain of barren hills, the traveller suddenly sees beneath his feet a cool, delicious paradise of murmuring waters and shady groves, through whose masses of dusky foliage rise the white minarets and domes of this ancient city. The architecture is not striking, for, with the exception of the public buildings and a few private dwellings, Damascus is built of mud; and yet it gives to the stranger an impression of imposing grandeur from the magnificence and beauty of its interiors. The houses are built round courts, which are pleasant, shady arcades of overarching boughs and trellised vines; the walls are covered with

arabesques; the floors are of tessellated marble; marble columns support the roofs of carved wood which run along one side; and water gleams and sparkles all around, gushing from fountains of marble or alabaster. The shady, narrow streets and gay bazaars forcibly recall to the stranger the imagery of the "Arabian Nights." Here, unlike Cairo and Jerusalem, although there is variety enough in the loungers and passers-by, there is no Frank admixture in the crowd, no undignified hurry, no bustling, eager tread imported from the busy West. All is Oriental, from the Moslem lady who shuffles past in yellow slippers, to the shawled Bekouin who eyes with stealthy glance the portly kadi in long striped robe and huge white turban; while the gaunt soft, most fanatical of the followers of the Prophet, scowls upon the unveiled Maronite woman, as she crouches in an angle of the wall to avoid the huge camel, who with his swinging load of firewood sweeps the narrow lane.

Bludán was the name of the sanatorium in the hills to which they were bound, a cool, delightful spot, from which they made excursions to Baalbec, a chaos of colossal columns and broken porticoes; and to Hermon, which Lieutenant Conder considers to be the Mount of the Transfiguration.

In the end of September they went into camp again at Bethlehem, which is now one of the most flourishing towns in Palestine. It has five thousand inhabitants, who are all Christians, and whose enterprise and energy in trade shew the difference between the religion of hope and progress and the deadening, benumbing influence of the fatalistic Mussulman creed. The olive harvest had begun in the environs of the busy little town, and picturesque groups of gaily-dressed women were hard at work in the olive-orchards, their babies being slung up the while in small hammocks between the trees. In the beginning of November the travellers left Bethlehem, and entered the barren wilderness which stretches away on the west beyond the Dead Sea; their first desert camp being pitched beside the Greek monastery of Mar Saba, a spot dreary and desolate almost beyond the power of language to describe. Its inmates are Greek monks exiled for crimes or heresy, and Lieutenant Conder scarcely knew which had the more hopeless and fossilized appearance, the ghostly desert outside, or these living men within, slowly withering away — a dreary death in life.

From this stony wilderness they marched

to Jerusalem, the great centre of interest in Palestine; but while admitting its many fascinations from an antiquarian point of view, our author solemnly avers it to be in his opinion "a very ugly city." On two occasions during Easter he was present in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and saw the pretended miracle of the holy fire, which the ignorant Syrian and Russian peasants believe to descend from heaven. The church, which is a large building, is crowded on these occasions with pilgrims, and the scene is peculiarly striking from the varied nationality and dress of the worshippers, and from the wild and intense emotion which many of them exhibit. During his stay in Jerusalem Lieutenant Conder prepared a map, shewing as accurately as possible the lie of the natural rock within the city walls (modern Jerusalem being built, as Captain Warren and others have shown, over the accumulated rubbish of the ancient city). By this and by certain other investigations he was able to demonstrate that the conformation of the ground is not radically different now from what it was in ancient times; and he was also led to reject the sites of the Holy Sepulchre and of Calvary as not genuine. In the middle of November they left Jerusalem for Jericho, which is represented by a modern mud-built village called Eriha. From this camp they endeavored to fix the site of the wicked cities of the plain, and found a spot still known as Wady Amriyeh, a word radically the same as the Hebrew Gomorrah. They were equally fortunate with Admah and Zeboim, but found no trace of Sodom, which the neighboring Moslems believe to be entombed beneath the sullen waters of the Sea of Lot, which is the term they apply to the Dead Sea.

The valley of the Jordan, to which they next turned their attention, is one of the most remarkable features of Palestine. Along its whole course it teems with wild life, its furred and feathered denizens finding refuge in the cane and tamarisk brakes, the willow thickets, and the tall papyrus marshes through which the river flows. Various theories have been started to account for the extreme depression of the lower portion of the Jordan valley and of the Dead Sea. Lieutenant Conder, after a careful examination, refers it to volcanic and earthquake action, but considers that the sea has had its present limits from a period not prior to the creation of man. It was early spring when they finished the survey of the Jordan valley, and the wide, glaring wastes of white chalk-land

were covered deep with luxuriant pasture, and were bright with patches of brilliant flowers, over which the lovely little sunbirds peculiar to the district hovered like living jewels. The weather was still occasionally stormy and cold, with bitter showers of sleet and hail; and rheumatism and hay-fever attacked the much-enduring survey party. Among the many Biblical sites which they were able to identify was Bethabara, the scene of our lord's baptism, a place about which there has been much dispute. Lieutenant Conder places it at one of the many fords of the Jordan, just above its junction with the Jalûd. During this campaign their commissariat was not so well supplied as usual: often after a hard day's work they could get nothing to eat but eggs and bread; and when meat was procurable, it was too often some patriarchal goat, whose ancient bones were scarcely worth the picking. Insufficient food combined with rheumatism and cough at length reduced the gallant explorer so much that he was obliged to return to England; and during his absence Mr. Drake, his second in command, had another attack of fever, and succumbed to it.

In September 1874, Lieutenant Conder returned to Palestine and resumed camp-life, the tents of the survey party being pitched near Hebron. Here they examined the cave of Machpelah and the massive wall which surrounds it. Like many Biblical and Christian sites it is a sacred shrine of the Moslems, who guard it most jealously. The oak of Mamre ("oak of rest") is still shewn standing among the vineyards north-west of Hebron; it has branches fifty feet long. A wide district of open wolds and arable land, dry and treeless, but rich in flocks and herds, runs north and west of Hebron, and forms the scene of many of David's wanderings. It was now autumn, and these lands, which are stretches of beautiful pastures in spring, were now a desolate desert. The weather, too, began to get stormy and broken; rheumatism, the *bête noire* of tent life in a variable climate, attacked even the horses, and the party were forced to return to Jerusalem.

In the beginning of March they moved to the warm spring of Engedi, the water of which is eighty-three degrees Fahr. They were here in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, on whose desolate shores they sometimes found the pickled bodies of fish from the Jordan. From this camp they visited the magnificent ruins of the fortress of Masada, so graphically described by

Josephus. In the beginning of March the desert survey was finished amid frightful weather, and then a good time awaited them and pleasant spring sunshine; while they made the survey of Philistia and Shephelah. Here they found and identified the sites of all the ancient cities of the Philistines — Gath, Ascalon, Gaza, Ekron, and Ashdod, and then went on to Galilee.

An interesting chapter treats of the origin of the present Syrian peasantry, whom Lieutenant Conder considers to be the descendants of the ancient Canaanites whom the Israelites were unable to drive out. They are a people who have many virtues; they are patient, docile, sober, quick, intelligent, and brave; but they are ignorant, immoral, and given over to the most shameless untruthfulness. They have a proverb, "that a lie is the salt of a man," and yet their moral perceptions are not so blunted but that they can admire honesty and truthfulness in others; for to the oaths in use in patriarchal times they have now added another, and swear when they are striking a bargain, "by the word of the English." Their houses are built of mud or of sun-dried bricks; and a peasant in comfortable circumstances has a carpet for the raised platform at one end of his house and warm suitable clothing for himself and his household. His food is simple; he never tastes meat except at a feast, but lives upon unleavened bread which he dips in oil, or conserve made of grapes; to this he adds rice, olives, clarified butter, eggs, melons, and cucumbers, and in a time of scarcity mallows are eaten stewed in oil or sour milk. Many diseases, such as dysentery, ophthalmia, fever, and liver complaints, affect the peasantry. Leprosy, which was common in Biblical and crusading times, is common still, and is as incurable now as it was then. The lepers who cluster about the outskirts of the towns and villages, and hoarsely demand charity from the passers-by, present a most ghastly and affecting spectacle.

Barley and wheat are the ordinary spring crops, succeeded by sesame, Indian corn, melons, tobacco, and cotton; in winter, beans, lentils, chick-peas, and other vegetables are grown. Indigo is found wild, and the list of fruits comprises olives, grapes, pomegranates, apricots, walnuts, plums, apples, mulberries, pears, quinces, oranges, lemons, and bananas. Sheep, oxen, goats, horses, and camels are the domestic animals; all except the last being small.

Numerous tribes of Bedouins wander over Palestine, pitching their tents in the sheltered valleys in winter, and on the breezy uplands in summer. They have numerous flocks and herds, and the life of Abraham and his immediate successors is faithfully depicted in the tent of an Arab emir of the present day.

From The Saturday Review
CRITICS AND AUTHORS.

THERE is one question between critic and author which is incapable of settlement. It is the business and, as it were, the duty of the critic to give counsel which it is not the business of the author to attend to. What the critic demands seems to be reasonable, and, in some ways of putting it, incontrovertible; but there is something in the nature of things point-blank against it. What can be more reasonable on the face of things than the critic's remonstrance with the popular writer who floods the reading world with works inferior to the earlier efforts of his genius, whereby he both injures his own reputation, and induces people, by the prestige of a past success, to waste time and money on what is not worth the expenditure? It is quite true that popular authors will persist in this line of conduct, and the critic, while they persist, must enter his protest. Yet it must sometimes occur to him that, simple as his demand sounds, in the present state of things it is a sheer impossibility, as running counter to nature; that he is asking what he has no right to ask; that, in fact, the interest of readers and authors is not identical — that is, supposing it to be the interest of readers only to read masterpieces, the cream of each writer's intelligence. It is to be observed that this blamable redundancy is a feature of the present century, attaching to authorship as a settled creditable profession. It is because authors are a steadier class than their predecessors of a long-past date, not given to excesses, no longer fitful, wild, dissipated, that they are over-prolific. Goldsmith wrote one novel, Fielding four, Smollett four, Sterne two. How many would they have written had they lived in our day and been under the inducements to a steadier life settling into habit, which literature as a recognized profession — subject we may say to the conditions of supply and demand — would offer them? Necessity drove them to the effort of invention, but the difficulties and

humiliations of publishing presented the effort in a painfully depressing light. Habit was either never formed or was sadly submitted to as a bondage and perpetually broken in upon. We are speaking of course of writers of light literature, and especially of novelists. Richardson was in every point the one exception to the general position of the eighteenth-century novelist. He was his own publisher, and the "close application" with which he had always devoted himself to business made the "sedentary habits" of a literary life, when at past fifty he found his true vocation, natural to him. These "sedentary habits" belonged then to the learned, who were slaves to their desk in a sense in which no one is nowadays; but the imagination was generally treated as untamable, and not reducible to the bondage of regular hours. Who shall say that it is not now drilled to perform a day's work with the same punctuality as any divine, antiquary, or philologist of a past date showed in the execution of his heavier tasks? Habit is now master of the situation; and we need not look far to find the reason why. Success at all times must be a stimulus to further action; but success of praise and credit has nothing like the same control over natural indolence that pecuniary success has, especially when this can be calculated upon with any accuracy. Uncertain gains as a rule, lead to idleness and extravagance; steady gains, affecting the rate of living and raising their owner in the social scale, as naturally lead to industry and the formation of habits necessary to the sustaining and securing of advantages once acquired. Thus impelled, the powers bow themselves to a yoke which otherwise might not be borne; but how soon does the pen become a tyrant over those who have framed their lives to its service! The old novelist wrote by fits and snatches, and thus knew nothing of this bondage, and he and his readers were agreed that the imagination is too volatile an essence for compulsion; but modern experience gives good reason for the suspicion that of all the powers invention, once put into the harness of habit, demands its exercise with most persistence. The work of life is then marked out; it would be as great an effort to leave off as it was to begin.

It is impossible, if we speculate on the fecundity of some of our novelists, not to conclude that practice has subdued the brain into absolute subservience to the needs of the hour. The mind forms a knack of devising plots; it sees every-

thing with this view. The brain is ever at work on scenes, situations, dialogues, and it is a necessity as each day comes round to put them into shape. Of all literary work we may imagine it to be the most exacting, and this though pure invention has far less to do with the business than when novel-writing cost a good deal more trouble, and one story at a time kept fancy on the strain. Now half-a-dozen are apparently in hand at once, coming out piecemeal in as many periodicals. It seems all the same to brain, feeling, hand, which thread is taken up. The work achieved is really surprising considering all things — the wear and tear, the brief time for thought, the transition from group to group. Thought and feeling have only, like practised actors, to slip into the costume of the story, and they say, Here we are to do the author's bidding. As an intellectual feat the thing is wonderful. We say it seriously. The variety of incident and character, the descriptions, the easy possession of the subject, the local coloring, the flowing style, are alike astonishing; the habit of good writing making the reader feel himself in the company of a practised hand, of a real artist. We will not say "under his spell" — that charm belongs to an earlier date in his career. The fastidious reader, while not unentertained, perceives this difference between the earlier and later periods. Practice makes the experienced novelist bring his horse to the water unresisting, with a plausible facility that was wanting in the earlier effort; but he cannot make him drink, to the same freshening of the reader's fancy. The true contact of mind with mind is not to be effected by practised ease; it is struck off in the heat of a new and vivid sensation. No trick of art can bring a reader into that intimate communion with the persons performing their parts before him which is the supreme delight of fiction. Who can know all this better than the author? If it comes to comparing sensations, what are the reader's feelings contrasted with the writer's own when he looks back on the glow of his first effort, and sets it by the side of his present business-like methods! As Walter Scott, in an extreme case — yet a case to the point — writes touchingly to James Ballantyne, who had been offering unwelcome hints: "I value your criticisms as much as ever, but the worst is my faults are better known to myself than to you. Tell a young beauty that she wears an unbecoming dress, or speaks too loud, or any other fault she can correct, and she will do so if

she has sense and a good opinion of your taste. But tell a failing beauty that her hair is getting grey, her wrinkles apparent, her gait heavy, and that she has no business in a ball-room but to be ranged against the wall as an evergreen, and you will afflict the poor old lady without rendering her any service. She knows all that better than you. I am sure the old lady in question takes pains enough with her toilet." Our more voluminous modern novelists who astonish us with their ceaseless stream of fiction would not make such an admission even to themselves; nor is there the same contrast between their earliest and latest works as when Scott's rich vein was exhausted. But reflections similar in nature, though not in degree, must sometimes visit them; they must recognize a difference.

And here the question we started with meets us. The critic says, "Rest upon your oars; do not let the past shame the present; you have done good work, retire on the credit of it." Circumstances once made this counsel easy enough to follow, but they are dead against it now. Industry is one of the duties of our lives. What other industry can the novelist follow? Must he alone sit idle? Now all industry is connected in some way with the idea of getting something by it, earning or saving for oneself or for others. The housewife's sedentary needle, or her busy cares, have all this for their end, however little it may come into immediate calculation. Work that is in no way profitable can scarcely be considered a duty. Looking at the question on this side it would seem that the too voluminous writer, so long as he finds a publisher, may appeal to another kind of success besides the literary one as a justification. Though indolence is less injurious to fame than publishing for remuneration work of an inferior quality, there is a sort of virtue in this which the deliberate masterly inactivity misses. This sort of virtue, then, has its place in the world. Society cannot be fed on *chefs-d'œuvre*. So long as an author does his best with good intentions he is not such a superfluity as he seems, and we must leave the care of his fame in his own keeping. Critics are thus a sort of literary rural deans superintending airy fabrics of name and fame. It is their duty to speak in the cause of the ideal best, but they can enforce nothing; nor would things go any better if they could. The

real interest of readers would not gain by fixing an early date of superannuation; because this would discredit the profession as an employment and point to a melancholy old age. What is really important is the moral question. A jaded imagination is tempted to take up subjects and questions which offered no temptation to its early freshness; but recourse to the vulgarly sensational and to still "fouler springs" is to be censured on its own account, and does not enter into the present argument.

What we have said belongs rather to the works of prose imagination than poetical. Yet it must be observed that the poets of our day protract the singing period beyond precedent, which seems to dictate a somewhat early retirement upon its laurels. Mr. Browning, indeed, may say that, as he started with a defiance of sing-song melody, he is independent of the period thus defined. But though poetry has commonly an early prime, and there is a charm in young verse which we often miss in the muse's later efforts, still we are disposed to approve of any use of the poet's time rather than spending the leisure of old age in tinkering the effusions of youthful genius; a habit in which Wordsworth indulged to such a degree that in the latest edition of his works we miss many a lovely cadence and memorable line, and find poems moved and shifted about out of their original setting till we don't know where we are. A young poet may prune and qualify, and transpose, because he does it with the same ear and with his original aim fresh in memory; he is still a friendly critic. The old man differs from his youth in the alterations he makes, and has another aim. He views his works as a whole; and bends each part to make it fit to needs undreamt of, whereas the happy numbers first ranged themselves as the ear and fancy bid them. Time will find it more difficult to settle points like this, to replant what has been uprooted, to decide the claims of original and tampered-with, than to ignore altogether the later productions of a genius that has worked out its vein. But it will make easy work of the abundant after-math of the modern novelist; the growth of an indefatigable, intelligent industry, after the first harvest rich with the flowers and fruitful seeds of genius — the first gathering from the storehouse of thought and memory — has long been garnered.